The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1894.

The Week.

On Tuesday the House, in committee of the whole, voted to strike out the appropriation for the civil-service commission, by 109 to 71. Much hand-clapping and cheering followed the announcement of the vote. On Thursday, when a yea-and-nay vote was called for in the House, the appropriation was put back into the bill by a vote of 153 to 80, but there is no record of any cheering. One would think that the spoilsmen would get sick of this annual farce. Everybody knows that they hate the civil-service law, and there is no need of such impotent making of faces and shaking of fists to prove that. Everybody knows, too, that they do not dare go on record as nullifiers of the law by withholding the money necessary to execute it, and there is no need of their demonstrating that over and over again. The exhibition has ceased to be even comic.

What possible comfort Senator Vest can find in confessing to the cowardly surrender which he and the other members of the finance committee made to the protectionist highwaymen who "held up" the Wilson bill, it is hard to imagine. He does it again and again in open Senate, as if it somehow afforded him great relief. Last Saturday he stated explicitly that "the members of the committee who were framing the tariff" were "informed" that the bill they had reported "could not be adopted," and he spoke excitedly of the changes which had been "forced upon the committee." Probably he means, by such remarks, to stir up resentment in the party at the handful of men who have McKinleyized its tariff in the Senate. That result he will very likely accomplish, but at the same time he will inevitably brand himself and his fellow-members of the finance committee with hopeless incompetence and weakness. He does not seem to perceive how humiliating a thing it is that four or five men should have been able to bring to naught the work of the committee and the professions and aims of the party. The worst of it is that the threats which brought the frightened committee to its knees were all the while empty, and could have been successfully met by an unyielding front. The surrender was really needless; but even if it were not, it would have been better to stand firm and pass no bill at all than to agree upon a measure for which no one but its direct beneficiaries has a word to say, and for which not even they have a shred of respect left.

A gigantic effort to do something for silver was made in the Senate last Friday, but was strangely ignored in the press reports. The section of the tariff relating to "metal thread of gold, silver, or other metals" came along, and was going through without objection, when Mr. Quay moved that the duty on gold thread be left as it was, 25 per cent. ad valorem, but that the rate on silver thread be fixed at 100 per cent. He said that his amendment was "in the interest of silver." A hint of that kind was enough for the champion friend of silver from Massachusetts, Senator Lodge, and though he was unable to vote, being paired with Senator Hill—*par nobile fratrum*, as they used to say at Harvard—he expressed his entire approval of the scheme. It was such a transparent bit of humbuggery that not even Peffer would vote for it, and five Republicans voted openly against it, the total vote being 10 for to 37 against. But the chance to make a record was not yet lost, for the next paragraph concerned "silver leaf," and here again Quay moved to make the duty 100 per cent. Lodge was able to vote this time, as Senator Hill had come in; and he and Hoar and all the other Republicans voting, except Hawley and Teller, came up valiantly "in the interest of silver." Quay himself seems to have regarded the matter as a huge joke, and ran off into the cloak-room without voting, leaving it to the solemn New England Senators to make fools of themselves. But what a tremendous boom for the Republican nomination on a silver platform Lodge is getting ready! Commercial war with England, to force her to the silver standard, 100 per cent. duty on silver thread and silver leaf—on such a record alone he could make the Presidential race without writing another reform article for the magazines.

One of the neat little tricks played by the woollen-manufacturers in the McKinley bill is now coming home to plague them. In that "scientific" tariff they wrote in for themselves a specific duty equal to four times the duty per pound on wool and in addition 50 per cent. ad valorem. The specific duty was "compensatory"—that is, as it took four pounds of raw wool to make one pound of cloth, the four-fold duty only made up for the tariff on the raw material, and the real protection was found only in the 50 per cent. ad valorem. Now comes the Senate bill leaving out the compensatory specific duty, of course, as there is to be no tax on wool to compensate for, and giving a rate of 40 per cent. ad valorem on the finished product. But the woollen-manufacturers cry out as one man that this means ruin to them. "What," ask the astonished committee, "can't you stand one-fifth off your former protection, admitted to be high?" Then the manufacturers draw the Senators off into a corner and say: "The fact is, we lied when we said it took four pounds of wool to make one pound of cloth; it really takes considerably less than three, and the biggest part of our protection lay in the specific duty." So at least says the *Wool and Cotton Reporter*, and adds:

> "The proper thing to do now for manufacturers is to confess to a little deception regarding the make-up of the specific duty, admit the truth, and ask for recognition of actual facts. The protection was needed, and the only sin committed was in the way it was obtained."

The House committee on the subject has reported favorably a resolution to amend the Federal Constitution by taking the choice of United States Senators from the Legislatures and giving it to the people. The committee hold that the necessity for such a change has increased since a similar resolution passed the lower branch of the last Congress without a dissenting vote, and that the action of the Senate during the present Congress has intensified popular feeling in favor of the proposition. The House will doubtless again endorse the scheme, and the Senate again bury it in committee. The extent of the popular demand is exaggerated by its advocates, although the proposition has met with increasing favor of late years. To amend the Constitution, however, is so difficult a process that nothing short of an overwhelming public sentiment will surmount the obstacles, and such a sentiment does not yet exist. It is one of those questions about which most people would like some evidence before they make up their minds that a change would be a good thing, and fortunately its advocates can furnish such evidence without changing the Constitution. Election by popular vote means only the election of one or another of two candidates nominated by party conventions, and conventions can nominate candidates for Senators without an amendment to the Constitution. The only difference is, that a party would then name its man to be voted for at the polls as in the case of a Governor, whereas now it can name the man and instruct its members of the Legislature to support him, which they can be trusted to do. This produces the same result, except in the rare cases where gerrymanders give the Governor to one party and the Legislature to the other. If the people really want Senators chosen by popu-

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lar vote, we shall see party conventions generally nominating candidates in this way.

We are glad the platform of the Pennsylvania Republicans "recommends an expansion of the circulating medium of the country until the same shall amount to $40 per capita of our population." It is now only $34 per capita. Six dollars more per capita would, we think, lift us promptly out of our present slough of despond. But it ought to be distributed at the treasury, sub-treasury, and post-offices "directly to the people." The reason why the present $34 per capita does us so little good is, that the banks and gold-bugs have got hold of it all and refuse to give it up except for goods, or, what is the same thing as goods, collateral. Consequently it is useless to the great body of the people; for how few of us have got any collateral! With six dollars more apiece put into every man's and woman's pocket by the United States marshal or other federal official, we think we see a bright future for America. Having got them, however, we must hold on to them. If we part with them, the gold-bugs are sure to get hold of them, and we should be no better off than ever. They should be hidden somewhere about the house, and not allowed, as is too often the case, to dribble into banks and trust companies.

The chief interest of outsiders in the Alabama Democratic State Convention last week centred in its attitude toward the Cleveland administration; but its position toward vital issues in the affairs of the commonwealth also merits attention. Alabama is one of the Southern States which have not yet abolished the evil system of hiring out convicts to contractors, but the convention pledged the party to efforts at reforming its abuses. The growing hold of the public-school system upon the people is shown by the fact that a resolution was adopted promising to increase the appropriations for its support whenever the financial condition of the State will permit. An election law based upon the Australian system was passed by the last Legislature, which will have its first trial in the choice of State officers next August. The Convention declared that this law "was intended to obtain at the ballot-box a full and free expression of the popular will," and, in case a trial should show that it failed to accomplish this end, pledged the party to make such changes and alterations as should be shown to be necessary. The feeling in favor of election reform is growing throughout the South. Popular sentiment in Louisiana calls for the passage of a law introducing the Australian system in that State by the Legislature now in session, and the progressive newspapers of Florida are agitating for similar action by the Legislature which is to be chosen in that State this year.

It seems a great pity that, when the Ohio Republicans began electing McKinley Governor with a view of keeping him on the track for the Presidential race, they could not also have named a man to look after the duties of the executive office. These are enough to engage the undivided attention of any man, but McKinley, of course, has little time left for them after attending to the exacting requirements of a Presidential boom. The consequence is that the reputation of the State is suffering severely. During the last few months there have been repeated cases of the lynching of black men by white, but nothing has been done towards punishing the offenders and thus arresting the tendency towards lawlessness. The penal, reformatory, and charitable institutions of the State are in a bad way, and there are shocking scandals about some of them. It appears that the Dayton asylum for the insane is not allowed a large enough appropriation to purchase sufficient food for the inmates. Two of the higher officials of the penitentiary recently engaged in a brutal fist-fight in the presence of hundreds of convicts who were assembled to take part in religious worship, and the deputy warden has just filed forty charges against his chief, covering a number of offences, any one of which is just cause for removal. Meanwhile, McKinley's eyes are so firmly fixed upon 1896 that misgovernment, official scandals, and lynchings in 1894 never attract his notice.

So many of the proposed amendments to the State Constitution that are offered to the convention at Albany are merely tentative in character, or "introduced by request," that serious consideration of them is not called for. One, however, proposes so serious a backward step that its character should not be overlooked. It provides that no bill shall become a law after the adjournment of the Legislature; that is, that the Governor must act on all measures before the hour of adjournment is reached, just as the President is called to do on the business of Congress. We presume that this change is proposed because of the vexation felt by members of the Legislature over the veto of bills after the adjournment, when there is no chance to repass them. But the adoption of this amendment would only produce at Albany the scenes witnessed at Washington during the closing hours of a Congress, when the President, betaking himself to the capitol, adds his signature to many of the most important measures of the session, including big appropriation bills, without any opportunity for the practical consideration of them. Before the adoption of the amendments of 1874, a Governor of this State could sign or veto a bill at any time within the year of its passage. Gov. Dix disposed of some of the most important bills in his hands in the December after their passage. An amendment adopted in 1874 limited the time within which he could approve of a bill after the final adjournment of the Legislature to thirty days. There seems to be no good reason for changing this. If it be deemed advisable that the Legislature should have an opportunity to pass on all vetoed measures, it could take a recess for ten days after its business was completed, and meet again simply to receive communications from the Governor. If Judge Nott's recent decision is upheld, even the President will have ten days in which to pass upon bills after Congress adjourns.

It is evident from the declaration of Mayor Gilroy that Tammany will do all it can to prevent approval of the new rapid-transit bill, signed by Gov. Flower, at the polls in November, and this fact should be kept in mind by its advocates. We do not believe there is any reason to fear an adverse verdict at the polls, but it would be a serious mistake to underestimate Tammany's ability and ingenuity as an opponent. The mayor's excited opinion of the bill as the "most pernicious law that has been placed on the statute books," and his belief that "it will be held to be unconstitutional by the courts," are valuable simply as revelations of Tammany hostility. His utterances mean that Tammany sees in the plan a death-blow to all hope of a colossal job, which the building of the road as a public work at the city expense would make of it; and consequently Tammany will fight to defeat it with every resource at its command. There could be no higher evidence adduced of the meritorious quality of a plan for public improvement than the declaration of a Tammany mayor and prospective Tammany boss that "it fails properly to guard the public interests," and will call for the unnecessary expenditure of many millions of dollars. The honest portion of the public will offset this prejudiced view with the favorable opinions of the Chamber of Commerce and such authorities on public affairs as ex-Mayor Hewitt.

The subject of the fourth biography in the illustrated series of lives of Tammany worthies which the *World* is publishing, is John J. Scannell, the man whom Mayor Gilroy made a fire commissioner. Full particulars of his career as the keeper of notorious resorts, leader of a gang of thugs, and murderer, are set forth, with pictures of the scene of his crime and of "Murderers' Row" in the Tombs, showing the

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cells in which he and Croker were incarcerated at the same time under similar accusations. The sketch is as remarkable in its way as were those of Croker and "Barney" Martin and "Paddy" Divver which preceded it. We presume that Scannell will receive it in silence, as Croker, Martin, and Divver received theirs. He knows as well as they did that with Tammany followers revelations of this kind do no harm. A life of criminal activity as a preparation for public office is a recognized part of the Tammany creed. What respectable people think about their careers does not trouble Croker, or Martin, or Divver, or Scannell, for such people would not vote for them under any conditions. All they ask of this portion of the community is that it adhere to its passion for "straight tickets," thus keeping itself divided into two harmless factions and making it possible for graduates of Murderers' Row to continue to administer the government of the city. So long as the honest portion of the community continues in this policy, biographies and pictures have no terrors to the Tammany leaders.

The *Tribune* asked last week:

"But who is accountable for the conditions of social discontent prevailing throughout the United States, which rendered possible the recruitment of the tramp brigades?"

This is apropos of the strong desire of all the tramps in the United States to get to Washington. It is this desire which is making all the disturbances all over the Union. It is what has led to all the train-stealing, and marching, and levying of contributions on the hapless farmers along the road. The "Coxey movement" is, in fact, a movement on Washington. To reach Washington is the one aim of all the "armies." If we can discover, therefore, who it is that has been teaching the people of the United States during the past thirty years that all prosperity must come from Washington; that without the help of Washington there cannot be steady employment and fair wages for the laborer, or reasonable profits for the capitalist; that when you are poor and unfortunate in business, you should write to your Congressman or appear before the committee and "demand a hearing" — if we can find out who did this, we shall find out who is accountable for those expressions of "social discontent" known as "Coxeyism" and "Populism." Both these rely on Washington to get them out of their troubles. Who is it? The *Tribune* knows well, and if the Great Father who presides over that paper would let his young men answer reasonable questions, we should have much fun.

Despite the attempts to tax it out of existence, the oleomargarine industry continues to grow. There are now issued 283 wholesale and 6,396 retail dealers' licenses under the internal-revenue department, and the tax of 2 cents a pound yields the Government more than $400,000 a year. It has thus been shown that this new product really "met a long-felt want," in the shape of a cheaper substitute for butter. Even the dairy farmers are beginning to recognize the uselessness of fighting against it. Senator Manderson of Nebraska has introduced a bill to permit manufacturers to pack their product in one-pound packages instead of ten pounds, and use tin cases as well as wooden and paper. The cases must still be labelled, but the proposed changes would enable dealers to sell to small families as well as large consumers, and to export their goods in tins. The Senator says that he has been advised to advocate these changes not only by manufacturers of oleomargarine, but also by farmers and dairymen, who have found that their fright a few years ago was unnecessary, and that good butter does not suffer in price from the increasing use of the substitute. The raid of legislative authority upon oleomargarine has been a gross abuse of power, and it turns out to be as fruitless as it was unjustifiable.

Surely we have a very bloodthirsty navy. Most Christian and humane men either are glad, or pay homage to religion and humanity by pretending to be glad, that they have not been called on, even in their country's interest, to kill people and destroy property. But Capt. Picking, the commander of the *Charleston*, said last week, at a dinner given to him in Baltimore on Monday evening, that "he was sorry he did not have the opportunity [down at Rio Janeiro] to use the force placed at his command." This means that he did not have the opportunity—that is, that nobody gave him cause—to deal out death and destruction on the people around him, either ashore or afloat. Had he done so, it would doubtless have furnished entertainment for thousands of people at home, although our books are full of horror over the Romans for having gladiatorial shows. There is not the smallest likelihood in our time of our having a naval war anywhere except for the purpose of furnishing amusement to people on shore and "copy" for the newspapers, and yet we suppose large bodies of people who go to church would hail it with keen delight.

The dinner given to Admiral Erben and Capt. Mahan of the *Chicago* in London on Thursday, although undoubtedly meant in the main as a return for the hospitality with which British officers were received here last year, was in a considerable degree an acknowledgment of the immense impression made on the English mind by Capt. Mahan's book on the 'Sea Power.' No American book of recent date has had so wide a circulation among the class which does not read or care for literature in general, and especially light literature. It has found its way into all the naval and military and sporting circles, and has had a powerful influence in support of the demand for an increase in the navy. In fact, no such tribute to the British navy and to navies in general, as instruments of national power, has ever been paid. It will always stand in the front rank of historical as well as strategical discussion. But its influence on the mind of the author has been just as marked as on the mind of the British public. In writing the wonderful story of the British fight for maritime supremacy, he has persuaded himself that his own country ought to follow the same career, and provide herself with a string of dependencies all over the globe to fight for and defend—another proof of the old adage that there is "nothing new under the sun." Could the fathers of the republic have foreseen in 1789 what the views of a great many of us as to the conditions of national greatness would be to-day, how sad it would have made them.

The German press is apparently up in arms against the plan of handing Samoa over to the New Zealanders; and from the commercial point of view the Germans are right. They have got most of the trade and most of the land of the island, and are abundantly able by themselves to control the natives. They would probably like nothing better than the withdrawal of the British and Americans, and the surrender of the islands to German management; but what are the "ethics" of the matter it is difficult to see. In dealing with all these barbarous states, some ethical theory is absolutely necessary for a civilized Power. In our treatment of Hawaii we appeared, not as the owners of the land, but as the champions of chastity and pure religion. Now, the Germans make no pretence of caring a kreutzer about the personal morals of the Samoan chiefs, and would as soon have the people worship stocks and stones as anything else. They are openly "on the make." But can Great Britain and America surrender an island to people who publicly profess indifference to the morality of the inhabitants? If the Germans get full control, in fact, the only home of virtue and orthodoxy on the island will be our "coaling station," known as Pago-Pago, which has now so little coal in it that there will be plenty of room for Samoans disgusted with the licentiousness of their compatriots.

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CHAIRMAN SPRINGER ON BANKING.

MR. SPRINGER, chairman of the committee on banking and currency in the House, made a speech on Saturday setting forth first his ideas of what ought not to exist in the way of bank-notes in this country. There ought not to be any State bank-notes. This he proves by a long history of the heterogeneous issues of State banks and their frequent failures before the war. His picture is not overdrawn, except that his allusions to the good bank-notes are so slight as to leave the impression that they were very few in number, whereas they were far more numerous than the bad ones in the two decades immediately preceding the war. But as to heterogeneousness, which is an evil by itself, even when the notes are good, Mr. Springer is entirely right. Nor is there any reason to suppose that this evil would now be less if the 10 per cent. tax on State-bank issues were repealed, although banking would be better. It would be better because public opinion on the subject of banking is far clearer and more pronounced now than it was before the war. This is an improvement, due mainly to the national banking system. This system has cultivated a taste for clean banking. It has taught the present generation to be intolerant of the slovenly methods and practices which prevailed in large sections of the country before the war—prevailed simply because the public in those sections demanded nothing better. But variety is not the spice of life in bank-note issues. There is no more reason why we should have two thousand different forms of bank-note engraving (in adtion to five thousand counterfeits) than there is for having two thousand different forms of the gold eagle or the silver half-dollar. Yet nobody can guarantee us against such heterogeneousness if the 10 per cent. tax is repealed.

When Mr. Springer comes to the constructive part of his discourse, we are not able to agree with him and we can scarcely understand him. At first he seems to be aiming at a new system of bank-note issues, but he tells us that it is a new system of Government notes for which the banks are to be merely agencies of distribution. He quotes Mr. Webster as saying that it is the constitutional duty of this Government to see that a proper currency, suitable to the circumstances of the times and to the wants of trade and business, be maintained and preserved. This opinion of "the great expounder of the Constitution" is eulogized, and then Mr. Springer proceeds:

> "Conceding, therefore, that a national currency may be issued under the authority of the Government of the United States, let us consider how we can best distribute that currency to the people."

The germ of Webster's idea was that the duty was incumbent on Congress of providing the methods for the issuing of a national currency. The method that he had in view was a United States bank. The idea, as translated by Mr. Springer, is that the Government ought to issue the currency itself, and he is only concerned as to a choice of methods. Three such occur to him. One is for the Treasury to "lend money to the people." Another is to print greenbacks and pay them out for Government expenses in lieu of taxation. Both of these are condemned. The third is to employ banks, but the banks are to act only as Government agents; for, according to Mr. Springer, "a bank of discount and deposit has no necessary relation to the currency any more than it has to the coins of the country; you might as well claim, because the banks receive deposits and loan money, that they shall have the right to coin money and to issue coins with their own stamp upon them. There is no necessary relation between them." Of course not. Who said there was? There is no necessary relation between shirts and collars, but it is very convenient to have them together. This question is not one of necessity, but of convenience to the public. Experience has shown that it is a public convenience for banks of discount and deposit to issue and redeem circulating notes of a fiduciary character, because they alone can discount commercial paper and thus adapt the volume of notes to the wants of business.

Mr. Springer's plan of bank agency in the issuing of Government notes is the present national banking system with two variations. These are: (1) that 20 per cent. of the deposited security for bank issues must be in coin, (2) that the other 80 per cent. may be in bonds of the United States, or of any State, county, parish, city, or town which have not been quoted in the market below 95 during the two years preceding their acceptance as such security. The notes are to be issued in three series, A, B, and C. Series A is to consist of notes corresponding to the amount of coin deposited, *i. e.*, 20 per cent. of the whole, and is to pay a tax of two-tenths of one per cent. per annum. Series B, which shall be equal to 60 per cent. of all the currency issued to the bank, shall pay a tax of one per cent. per annum. Series C, the remainder, shall pay a tax of four per cent. per annum.

These provisions are designed to secure elasticity to the currency, on the theory that the banks will adjust their issues according to the tax they have to pay on their notes. First they will issue the 20 per cent. because the tax is very small. Then they will issue the 60 per cent., or whatever part is needed, when business is brisk. Then they will issue the remaining 20 per cent. in times of financial stringency, and when the demand for money is very strong, and will retire it as soon as possible on account of the heavy tax. This is Mr. Springer's idea of elasticity in the currency.

The want of elasticity in the present system is really due to the requirement that the bank shall lock up in public securities the capital with which it ought to be discounting commercial paper. To cure this evil, Mr. Springer proposes "a hair of the dog that bit you." That is, he proposes that 20 per cent. of the deposited security shall be in coin, which draws no interest, and that on 20 per cent. more (if currency is issued) there shall be a tax of 4 per cent. per annum. This would leave only 60 per cent. of the circulation in as elastic a state as it is now, the remaining 40 per cent. being stiffer than ever. Such a system, if it could by any possibility pass Congress, would never go into operation, because the banks would never take out the notes on the terms proposed. Bankers are not in business for their health any more than other people. There is no profit to speak of in the present system; that is the reason why it is moribund. There would be less profit under the proposed system; therefore it would be born dead.

"I have carefully examined," says Mr. Springer, "the banking systems of the whole civilized world, and those systems which have come and gone in the past. Nowhere has a currency ever been issued heretofore so well and so perfectly secured as would be the notes under the bill which I have proposed." We are reminded of the saying of another Illinois statesman, that he had mastered the science of finance in two weeks' time, which led him to support the inflation bill that was vetoed by President Grant. Such hasty acquirement of the science of banking would be apt to lead its votary unduly to magnify security for note issues, as a man may be prevented from seeing a mountain by holding a ten-cent piece too near his eye.

THE SENATE "FREE LUNCH" TARIFF.

SENATOR GORMAN is better at concocting dishonest schemes than he is at defending them. His true rôle is silent indifference to popular and party clamor. To allow himself to be forced to take the floor in his own defence, as he did on Thursday, is both to assume responsibility and to lay himself open to damaging retort; and those things the politicians of the subterranean school always do well to avoid. His speech in explanation of the party betrayal, of which he is the chief author, only leaves the Senate tariff bill worse off than ever, and, in fact, justifies the description of it attributed to the cynical Senator Brice as a bill made up not on the principles of free trade, but on those of a "free lunch."

None of the contentions put forward by Mr. Gorman in behalf of the high-protectionist bill which he now fathers will bear examination. His charge that

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the Wilson bill was hastily considered, and therefore necessarily imperfect, is based upon a comparison of dates which is entirely misleading. The present Congress had a great advantage in time over the McKinley Congress. It was called in extra session on the 7th of August, and got all the work of organization off its hands at that time. The chairman of the committee on ways and means was appointed then, and had nothing to do but work on the forthcoming tariff all through the long Senate wrangle over silver, so that, when the regular session began in December, the preliminary labors on the tariff were in a more forward state than was ever before the case with such a bill. That the bill should have passed by February 1 was, therefore, not at all proof of haste and carelessness.

But, adds Mr. Gorman, "it is sufficient to say" that there never has been a moment when either the Wilson bill or the first draft of the Senate bill could get a majority. Why not? Simply because he and three or four other schemers stood out for their "free lunch." Nothing else is meant by his talk about the "consideration" due to certain States (meaning the Senators thereof and the manufacturers who own the Senators), and the "purely business matters" connected with tariff schedules. All this is only the polite and parliamentary way of saying that Messrs. Gorman and Brice and Murphy and Smith and Faulkner and Caffery took the finance committee by the throat and frightened it into an abandonment of all pretence of rational or honest tariff reform.

The Maryland Senator did well to fight shy of details. It is easy to lump the percentages in a whole schedule and figure out reductions, but the iniquities are to be searched for in the separate sections, and every fresh examination of the Senate amendments reveals new examples of gross favoritism, with all the ear-marks of the lobby and corrupt methods upon them, out-McKinleying McKinley in the cotton schedules and the glass-ware duties and in the metal classifications—in which last Senator Quay was allowed to get the "consideration" for Pennsylvania. A specimen outrage is to be found in the duties proposed on pocket-knives. The Wilson bill put a rate of 45 per cent. ad valorem on all classes. In the Senate amendments specific rates are restored equivalent to protective duties of from 33 to 83 per cent., which are ingeniously devised, *à la* McKinley, so as to put the heaviest taxes on the kinds most commonly in use. We are informed that the lobbyist who got these bounties in the bill is known, as is also the "influence" which sent him to Washington, and that the whole story of the "cutlery deal" in the Senate may soon be made public. Again, take the taxes on files. McKinley put some of his most artistic work in the specific duties of his files paragraph. They gave protection of from 100 to 200 per cent. The Wilson bill lumped all the classifications into a single head, and put on a duty of 35 per cent. ad valorem. This was allowed to stand in the finance committee's first report, but, after the "free-lunch" era set in, the paragraph was bedevilled with specific duties again, in a way only less shocking than McKinley's. Files that can be bought in the American market to-day at 20 to 27 cents per dozen are to be taxed 30 cents a dozen; those selling at 69 to 98 cents have a rate of $1 laid on them. The result is, as a large dealer has figured it out, that an English agent could not place an order in this country without practically giving away his files and paying the duty into the bargain! It is clear, from the prices quoted, that no protection at all is necessary, and the only conceivable object in putting on such outrageous rates is to prepare the way for a Trust to rob the consumer. We do not like such robbery any better under the label of tariff reform than we did under the name of McKinleyism.

It is a great mystery how the sincere tariff-reformers, who undoubtedly constitute a majority of the Democratic Senators, could have brought themselves to consent to such enormities. If they did it, as some assert, in order to hurry the bill through the Senate and then have it made decent again in conference, we think they were ill-advised. Some of the Gorman excrescences will undoubtedly be cut off in conference; but in the juggle the protectionists will be sure to sneak off with some booty which they never could have got in a fair and open fight in the Senate or in a Democratic caucus. It would have been better if such a fight had been made. As it is, the House will have to rescue as much of its bill as it can out of the talons of the Gorman-Brice "combine." They are not weak, and they will not yield easily; but if the House remembers that they have the cowardice of men without principles, and that their consciences can be reached only by the whip of open party condemnation and mention by name, it can shame and frighten them into something that tariff-reformers can look at without loathing.

HERETICAL FACTS.

THIS year's Presbyterian trial for heresy has been rather a dismal affair. Having only to traverse again the path made so plain in the Briggs case, and with a foregone conclusion confronting and dispiriting both prosecutor and accused, there has been little heart in the business. The actors in the case have moved about like men in a dumb show, and the public has found nothing enlivening in the spectacle. Nevertheless, Prof. Smith, in his *morituras* address, managed admirably to sum up the main significance of his trial when he said, alluding to the slight personal issues involved, "But to have a great church go in the face of well-ascertained facts is not a small thing."

In this, there can be no doubt, he put his finger on the main difference between the heresy of which the late Prof. Robertson Smith and Prof. Briggs were found guilty, and of which Prof. Smith knew that he would be found guilty, and all the other forms of heresy known to the history of the church. These had to do with matters of pious opinion, or metaphysical distinction, or ecclesiastical right and order; the new heresy turns on a question of fact. The combatants who took part in the Docetic controversy, or the Monothelite heresy, or the Arian dispute, were like ghosts fighting apparitions, and could not be brought to the test of flesh-and-blood facts. So with most of the famous doctrinal controversies of the later centuries: they have pitted theory against theory and wire-drawn distinction against wire-drawn distinction, with no exit except in the brute decisions of the "ecclesiastical mob," as Dean Stanley used to call the clergymen who rushed up to Convocation from all over England to condemn books they had not read. But the great heresy which the Presbyterians of Scotland and America have invented is that of accepting a body of well-ascertained fact.

That is to say, the specialists of chief renown the world over who have given most study to the matter, are now agreed that the traditional conception of the history and institutions and literature of Israel is utterly misleading and wrong-headed. For this agreement a consensus of learned and pious names can be adduced which, in the case of any other question of historical fact, would be regarded by all as overwhelming and conclusive. It is so regarded by all except the Presbyterians of Scotland and the United States—indeed, it is doubtless an injustice longer to except the Scottish Church, as it has shown marked liberalism of late years and refused to depose other professors under substantially the same charges as those brought against Prof. Robertson Smith. Thus we have the situation that what the universities of Europe unanimously declare to be a fact, what a professor or a clergyman can hold and teach with impunity in Great Britain, or in the Episcopal or Congregational, probably in the Methodist or Baptist, and certainly in the Unitarian and Universalist churches in this country—that the Presbyterian Church asserts to be heresy, and if it is a fact, so much the worse for it.

A case which can be so stated does not require arguing; but some of the bearings of it are worth mention. It shows afresh the immense power of what Browning calls "the instinctive the-

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orizing" "whence the fact looks to the eye as the eye likes the look." A college professor used to say to his classes: "Talk about the irresistible power of mathematical demonstration: why, if personal interest or prejudice were involved, you would find plenty of people to deny that the sum of all the angles upon a perpendicular was equal to two right angles." Who can doubt this that has witnessed the ability of thousands of bimetallists to assert passionately that 62=129? It is only a special application of this principle of human nature that is now at the root of the Presbyterian trouble. In religious matters there have always been more opportunities for its display than elsewhere; and that is the only reason one is more struck with them there than elsewhere. M. Oppert was lately telling of a lecture he gave in Glasgow many years ago on the relation of the Biblical record to the Assyrian monuments. He began by saying that he had found many confirmations of the Scriptural history in the cuneiform inscriptions, whereat the audience cheered vociferously. Then he added that in some cases the monuments contradicted the Bible. Such a chill and silence fell upon the auditory at this that the deft Frenchman saw that something must be done, and so hastened to remark, "That shows how mistaken the monuments sometimes are"; which called out renewed applause and set all straight again.

Another thing which this new heresy of fact illustrates is the futility of that favorite device of certain theologians which consists in marking off the human mind and human studies into separate compartments which have nothing to do with each other. This has been a rather clever use on their part of the modern specialization of learning. "Very well," they have said, "we agree to take the word of a specialist in medicine or engineering or finance, but you must also take our word as specialists in theology." And so they have been quite willing to go along on this theory of the fragmentary nature of truth, and have professed to be eager to work tolerantly by the side of the scientist, provided a high fence divided them and neither would look over to see how the other was getting along. But the practical working of this kind of gardening has not been happy. The theologian *has* looked over the scientist's fence and said, "See here, you must not let that tree of evolution grow so high, for it's killing some of my best crops"; and the scientist, in his turn, has been compelled to protest against the way the theologian has let his vine of the creative week run all over the scientist's lot, so that the latter could not work his soil at all without cutting it up by the roots. And finally, this scientific reconstruction of sacred history and literature has knocked the dividing fence entirely down, and is forcing the theologians to decide whether theology is to accept the fact, and all facts, and so strive to be worthy of its old name, "The Queen of all the Sciences," or to shrink into narrower and narrower compass and helplessness.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT ARGOS.

ATHENS, May 4, 1894.

AMONG the noteworthy changes in the aspect of Greece which have been wrought in the last few years there is one group or class which appeals especially to the student of classical life, namely, those which have resulted from the unusual activity in excavating ancient sites in various parts of the country. This activity, the results of which will always remain a brilliant memorial of the present administration of the Department of Antiquities, is due, both directly and indirectly, to the energetic and liberal spirit in which that department is now conducted—directly, because the Greeks themselves, both the Government and their Archæological Society, are doing much more than they used to, and indirectly because the foreign schools here are allowed almost unlimited privileges for excavating. Thanks to the liberality of the Government in such matters, each school has now its site, or group of sites, where it has the exclusive right to dig, and where it can work without interference from the authorities, the only precaution taken being that of keeping an official superintendent on the spot to watch the excavations. Permission to export any of the objects found is still rigidly withheld, but if the "finds" continue to accumulate in the museums as they have been doing in recent years, there is reason to hope that this reservation will be somewhat relaxed.

The schools have been quick to avail themselves of the opportunities thus offered, and this combined activity of Greeks and foreigners has revealed the secrets of many a site which, a generation ago, was little more than a name and a cluster of associations. Each one of these might well form the subject of a letter, but I should like to give some account of that which has the most interest for Americans, and of which we have more reason to be proud than perhaps is realized at home. I mean the exploration of the site of the great sanctuary of Hera in Argolis, which, as the readers of the *Nation* know, has been conducted for three years by members of our School at Athens under the direction of Dr. Waldstein. I had the good fortune to spend three days there, just before the close of this season's work, and am sure that any member of the Archæological Institute of America would have felt as well pleased as I did at the manner in which the Institute's appropriation has been expended, not only as regards the value of the discoveries, but in the careful and intelligent handling of the soil, with a view to noting every bit of evidence it afforded on questions which might arise. If the younger members of the School lack the preliminary archæological training which always places our students at a disadvantage in comparison with those who come here from other countries, they have, on the other hand, the advantage of being Yankees, and therefore easily adaptable under proper instruction. It does not take them long to learn what is expected of them in superintending excavations, and consequently this part of the work, which is all that has been attempted as yet, will stand comparison with any that has been done.

The site of the Heraion is literally one of the most commanding that could be thought of for a temple. No one who has crossed the plain of Argos can ever forget the beauty of that country. More level than Attica, its appearance is also more restful. There is hardly a mound to break its surface until one reaches the foothills of the mountains which surround it, except where the sea makes its crescent on the south. Almost hidden in the northwest corner stands the citadel of Mykenæ, commanding the whole district without being itself conspicuous. To the east of this runs a wall of low mountains, which forms the northern boundary of the plain. One of these, Eubœa, stands out a little more prominently than the others. The long, sweeping curve of its slope is broken near the base by a small crest or ridge, into which it rises just before it joins the plain, and this crest was chosen as the site for the temple of Hera.

The original temple was placed not upon the summit of this crest, but upon the upper part of the southern slope, where a platform or terrace was constructed for it, and here it must have formed a conspicuous object from every quarter of the plain. The huge rectangular blocks of which the retaining wall of this platform was built were for years the only landmark of the site until, in 1852, Rangabé excavated sufficiently to locate the position of the late temple, of which I shall speak presently. The platform itself was buried to a considerable depth under accumulated soil until the present exavations laid it bare and determined its limits. It is paved with polygonal blocks, and measures about 148 feet in length by 115 feet in breadth. Its situation, in reference to the other buildings of the sanctuary, is shown on the plan which accompanies the twelfth annual report of the School, issued this spring. Unfortunately, very slight remains of the temple were found, a circumstance easily accounted for by the probability that, above the baseline, it was constructed of clay and wood, like the temple of Hera at Olympia. Even the columns have disappeared, and the only unquestionable remnant on the site is a portion of one low wall, on the top of which the circles traced in the stone to indicate the size and position of several of the columns are still clearly visible. This bit of wall is much more primitive than those of the Olympian Heraion, and bespeaks a decidedly earlier date for this temple, which may therefore be the oldest Greek temple that we know. Possibly there may be other data concerning it among the débris of the excavations in other parts of the hill, but this is a matter for an expert architect to determine. The pavement of the platform is in remarkably good preservation. Above it, and separated by a thin layer of earth, was a concrete flooring, several patches of which are left. Some of these are blackened by fire, presumably the conflagration of which Thucydides speaks, by which the temple was destroyed in 423 B. C.

Of the later and more famous temple the remains are much more satisfactory. The Greek prejudice against erecting a new temple upon the site of an old one is well illustrated here. Instead of utilizing the old platform, which was perfectly able to hold it, a second terrace was constructed below it, also on the southern slope and overlooking the plain. I say a second terrace, yet it would be more correct to speak of this as the third, there being a smaller one between the two, upon which numerous remains of early houses have been found.

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These are described by Dr. Waldstein in the report to which I have alluded. As he suggests, they probably had some connection with the service of the older temple, and were possibly the dwellings of the priestesses. The excavation of the later terrace is a remarkably clean piece of work, and reflects great credit on those who had to do with it. Every answer which the place still had to give as to the character and details of the new temple and its immediate surroundings, the student finds here, readily at hand. On this terrace there is nothing more to be uncovered, and evidently no fragment that could have been of the slightest importance has been thrown away. If it is lost, the manner in which the site has been unearthed is sufficient evidence that it was lost before the excavations were begun. What actually remains *in situ* is the walls of the foundations, several courses high, including those of the peripteros and the interior, and that of the steps or incline by which the temple was entered. These foundation walls are not preserved up to the level of the floor; and from the manner in which they were left it is evident that they—and probably other portions of the temple—were not destroyed by nature or by violence, but carried away, block by block. There is reason to believe, therefore, that the careful examination, by an architect, of the towns in the plain might result in the discovery of important members built into mediæval or later structures. On and near the terrace are sufficient fragments to give the general indications of the proportions and style of the temple, though here again it is surprising that there are not more. I believe that only three fragments of capitals have been unearthed, and scarcely any of the columns themselves. On the other hand, a number of blocks of the upper members have been found, and these show that both the triglyphs and the background of the pediments were of black marble.

The retaining wall which separated the terrace of the later temple from that above it, formed the back of a long stoa or portico, in front of which votive statues and stelai were erected. The bases and grooves showing where these stood are numerous, but, beyond a few inscriptions, nothing of the works themselves remains.

Below the new temple is a fourth terrace, which seems to have been occupied for the greater part, if not the whole, of its length by another portico, only a portion of which has yet been uncovered. The greater part of the working force has been concentrated upon this site during the present season, partly because it seems to have been one of the principal buildings of the sanctuary, and might be expected to contain inscriptions or other monuments of importance, and partly because Dr. Waldstein hoped that in the enormous mass of earth under which its remains are buried he might find sculptures or other valuable objects, thrown over from the terrace of the temple. Some fragments of metopes have already been found here, and quantities of terracotta fragments. But not more than half of the portico had been uncovered when the work had to be brought to a close, and we cannot say what may yet be waiting to be brought to light.

I have spoken of only the most important buildings which have thus far been unearthed, but there are others, partially disclosed this year, which promise to be no less interesting, some of them being undoubtedly within the sacred enclosure, and therefore directly connected with the sanctuary. As the plans of these are more or less complicated, a description would be confusing without the aid of diagrams, and for these we must wait until new drawings of the site have been prepared. From this slight account, however, it will be seen that the architectural discoveries are not the least important that have been made here. They are in fact much more extensive than I had expected to find them, and well deserve to be carefully worked up.

Of the sculptures the now famous Hera head still remains the most beautiful and the most interesting. Of this and the other fragments, which are now familiar in America through casts and photographs, I need not speak. This year, besides the fragments found on the lowest terrace, several have been brought to light elsewhere, among them the head of a youth, which bears a close resemblance to the female head found by Rangabé on this site. This year, as before, the fragments of decorated pottery discovered are almost countless. Combined they form one of the most remarkable finds of this nature ever made in Greece. By far the larger part are of the early styles, Mykenæan, Dipylon, and, most of all, the so-called "proto-Corinthian," upon the history of which they bid fair to throw new light. The labor of classifying these will be long and trying, but it will give our School one of the best opportunities that could have been desired for publishing new and valuable material.

Speaking of pottery, I cannot pass over a most interesting discovery which took place while I was at the excavation—that of a "beehive" tomb of the Mykenæ type, which apparently had never been opened since the last body was placed in it. The excitement of watching an event like this cannot be described, and it is felt by the workmen no less than by those who are superintending them. First of all, the discovery that there is a tomb, a discovery possible only to the expert digger (in this case a workman) whose practised eye detects in the slight depression of the soil the fact which another would pass over without suspecting. Then the beginning of work with the pick and spade. Slowly the truth comes to light; the tomb was roughly hewn in the soft rock, and, the top having fallen in, the vault or chamber is filled to the surface with a solid mass of earth. Gradually its concave walls show themselves, and then the two or three men who can work inside the hole proceed, as carefully as their impatience will allow, to clear the interior down to the level where they may expect to find something. After a time—and a long time it seemed—the first indication comes; the fragment of a human bone is struck. Now the pick and spade stop, the men get down on their knees and scratch the earth with their knives, working as delicately as Italians. Presently one of them utters an exclamation—the first vase has been found. It is a decorated specimen intact, and shows that there is hope for more. In this way the work continued for two days, at the end of which the tomb and its *dromos*, or entrance-passage, had been cleared out. The tomb measured about ten feet in diameter and the same in height. It contained no less than fifty-two specimens of prehistoric pottery, most of them fine examples of the Mykenæ and Ialysos types, with the decorations upon them quite fresh and brilliant. Of these, forty-eight were vases, three were idols, and one was a little chair or throne for an idol, about six inches tall, and gayly painted. There was no metal of any kind.

This tomb was about a half-mile to the northwest of the temple, near the path to Mykenæ. Another was found the day following, much nearer the Heraion. It was empty, but its existence proved that the first was not an isolated grave, and probably there are many others in the neighborhood, as the workmen believe. If so, there may be still another chapter to be written on the history and worship of the old temple near which they were made. What was their relation to it?

I hope that this and the other discoveries I have described may cause those who are interested in these matters to share the regret I felt when I heard that it was not the intention of the managing committee of the School to continue these excavations after this year. It was, as I know, the expectation that the work could be completed with the present season. This, in spite of prophecies, has been impossible, as an examination of the place shows. It is a safe maxim for all work of this kind that you cannot tell what is in a hole until you have dug it; and, in the present case, the more that has been dug the more there has been to dig. Aside from the question of these newly-discovered tombs, which bid fair to be of exceptional importance, the site of the Heraion itself cannot be considered properly excavated until the line of the peribolos wall has been determined and every building or monument within it laid bare. Its entrance is still to be discovered and the approaches by which the different terraces were reached. Two hundred and fifty men have been employed this year, and an average of five members of the School have superintended the work and taken charge of the things found. This is as large a force as can be advantageously employed, yet it is my impression that more than one season will still be necessary before the work can properly be considered as finished. It would be unfortunate if the results of these excavations were to remain unpublished, yet it would seem a waste alike of energy and money if what we are to regard as a final publication were prepared with a large part of the site still buried. Therefore, in the interest of our School, and for the sake of those who have carried on the work admirably thus far, it is earnestly to be hoped that the committee will find it possible to allow the excavations to continue until they are really completed, and then to publish the results in the manner they deserve.

EDWARD ROBINSON.

ÎLE DE FRANCE AND PICARDY.—III.

LONDON, April, 1894.

COUCY-LA-VILLE, down in the plain, by the side of the fishy little Lette, was a small Roman farming village as early as the end of the third century; but Coucy le-Château was not founded on the heights, which were then no doubt heavily wooded, till six hundred years later, when an archbishop of Reims, seeing his bishopric invaded by the Normans, built a tower and gave it to a vassal to guard. The place and the man were well chosen. A promontory rises abruptly two hundred feet, dominating the plain, and giving a view of every one that passes through the valley for leagues around, from the hill of Laon to the forest of Compiègne. And the man was the first known to history of a strong, fierce stock, Eudes de Coucy. Three hundred years more passed, and the house of Coucy, always at war with some one and as often as not with the sovereign, prospered till its head was Seigneur d'Assis, de Marle, de la Fère, de Folembray, de Montmirail, d'Oisy, de Crèvecœur, de la Ferté-Aucoul et de la Ferté-Gaucher, Vicomte de Meaux, Châtelain de Cambrai, father-in-law of a King of Scotland and brother-in-law of the

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Emperor Otho IV. Feudalism, which had long been supreme in France and had gone near to leave the King little more than the power of a great noble, had just entered on the struggle with royalty in which it was to succumb, when Enguerrand III. de Coucy, descendant of a race of robber-barons, himself at once a robber and practically another king, cherishing hopes (in spite of his proud motto: "Roy ne suys, ne prince, ne duc, ne comte aussy; je suys le sire de Coucy") of seizing the royal name and power—in which, indeed, he would have succeeded had not Queen Blanche bought off his ally, the Count of Champagne—built this castle to replace one that Louis VI. had burnt. Perhaps he intended it as an answer to the menace offered to the whole nobility by the great donjon of the Louvre, which Philip Augustus had completed a decade before.

The Sire's tower has lasted longer than the King's, but not the power of his race, for the castle of the vassal was dismantled by the minister of a king, while the donjon of the king was torn down not by a noble but by a greater king. Yet Enguerrand's keep was twice as high and twice as broad and its walls twice as thick as the donjon of Philip Augustus. The greatest towers known, says Viollet-le-Duc, are but spindles in comparison with it. A hundred and three feet in diameter, a hundred and sixty-two feet high, with walls twenty-seven feet through, it was built to resist the worst attacks that its founder could conceive of. And such was the energy of the man that this immense mass, with its four subordinate towers, each as great as an ordinary donjon, and its lofty surrounding walls and its elaborate underground constructions, was only five years in building, from 1225 to 1230.

The keep was far from being the whole of the fortress. Before the besieger could get to that inner stronghold he must, if he selected the postern to attack, cross the first drawbridge and break through the gate of the outer wall, fight his way along the narrow path that led to the postern of the inner wall, the *chemise*, exposed all the time to missiles hurled at him from the loopholes and embrasures of a flanking tower and of the *chemise* itself, break down a double postern gate barred by heavy beams let into holes in the wall, cut through a portcullis, and, after all, find himself only in the moat between the wall and the tower. What chance would he have of battering down or picking his way through its solid walls while the garrison was pouring down boiling pitch upon him and dropping great stones from battlements 160 feet above him? Nor could he hope to reduce the fortress by famine. A spring within the donjon gave a plentiful water supply. The cellars stored the provisions of a garrison of a thousand men for a year, a time long enough to tire out most mediæval besiegers. Besides this, it is said that there was a passage under ground, six miles long, by which supplies and fresh men could be secretly brought in, or a sally be made with fatal effect upon the enemy's rear.

The donjon itself is so built as to bring everything under the eye or within reach of the voice of the master. The narrow winding stairway made in the thickness of the wall stops with each story; whoever went higher must be seen by the guards as he crossed the hall to the opposite side where the stairs begin again. There is no other passage for man. Provisions and munitions could be raised by a lift running up the centre of the tower through holes pierced in the middle of each vault. The counterweight descended in a dry well at the side, as deep as the tower is high. These lift holes let not only goods pass, but also the commands of the master, which must often have resounded rudely through the vaulted chambers. The lift was, in fact, a huge speaking-trumpet befitting the stature of the man, one of whose ancestors is said to have been nine feet tall. Enguerrand kept with him fifty knights, which implies a garrison of five hundred men. They must have been picked like the grenadiers of Frederic the Great's father. The castle is built for giants; the steps are all high, and the battlements and seats were not meant for men of ordinary stature. Secure in his strength and his control over his followers, Enguerrand did not resort to those tricks which are common in Norman military architecture, where it is evident that the barons feared the treachery of their own men as much as the force of the besiegers, and provided means for defending themselves alike against a victorious enemy and a revolted garrison.

Coucy is less known to Parisians than Pierrefonds. It is less accessible; it has not the advantage of being near an imperial pleasure-seat, where the city man can stay at an elegant hotel, walk in a park as fine as Versailles, and drive out to the château through a beautiful forest apt for picnics in summer; it has not been restored by the most famous French architect; it is not fresh, comfortable, complete; it is only a ruin. For that very reason we enjoyed it the more. Pierrefonds is scenic, like a fine representation at the opera—interesting, but not real life; it does not move one nor carry him back to the past as do the solid tower and the crumbling walls of Coucy; it is a marvellous imitation of the antique, but Coucy is the antique itself.

For the first three hundred years of its existence Coucy was a danger to all the surrounding country and to the King in Paris. Mazarin wisely ordered it to be blown up, but his powder barrels that destroyed the smaller towers, could only crack, not throw down, the massive walls of the keep. Although the Cardinal had ordered the whole to be razed to the ground so that men should cultivate their fields on its site, his engineer abandoned the attempt, contenting himself with the destruction of the vaulted floors, and with burning what little there was to burn, so that the donjon is now an empty shell. But the inhabitants of the town for three centuries did their part to complete the destruction by using the ruins as a stone quarry whenever they wanted to build a house.

The château was made for a stronghold simply. But, as feudal manners softened, the arts were called in to render existence more endurable. After a time the castle had its wall paintings and its carvings, of which something is still to be seen, and no doubt its tapestries. There was a Salle des Preux and moreover a Salle des Preuses, whose statues in demi-relief adorned the great chimney-piece. But in its first estate it must have been a sad dwelling, to our ideas. One speculates on the mental condition of the inhabitants of these jails. What did the lord and lady think of? The men probably of nothing profound. Their womankind, in the abundant leisure of a life devoid of distraction, if they could not satisfy themselves with domestic cares, must have died of ennui or given themselves up to mysticism, according to their natures.

The first sight of the still perfect fortification of the town itself, as one sees it from the western railway station (the "halte"), skirting the edge of the steep hill and ending on the left with the château, easily carries the imagination back to the feudal times when the Sire would be sallying out to harry the lands of the Bishop of Laon or the Bishop of Noyon, or to intercept a convoy of merchants, or to meet the army of his suzerain. The thought by contrast heightens the pleasant effect of the fields now peacefully stretching up the slope and tilled almost to the foot of the wall. In its town Coucy has a great advantage over its rival. The village of Pierrefonds is an almost modern watering-place; Coucy-le-Château is a mediæval town with less admixture of the new than any we saw, less even than Laon. It is well, if one has time, after exploring its irregular streets, where everything is strange, admiring the half-effaced carvings on the portal of the church, and finally going minutely through the ruins of the castle with the guide, who, unlike most of his detestable race, does not hurry the lingering traveller—it is well to go out of the town between the two great towers of the Porte de Laon and scramble down the hill to the hamlet of Coucy-la-Ville, where is an odd little church with a curiously decorated tower, built a century later than the château, during the English occupation. The English, by the way, met with no opposition from the Coucy of the time, who was faithful to the anti-royal policy of his family. C. R.

Correspondence.

THE PARTHENON FRIEZE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Waldstein's letter on the Parthenon frieze, published in your issue of May 3, calls for an answer from me, and deserves a sharp one. I will nevertheless confine myself to the criticism of your correspondent's assertions as far as they are directed against my own.

Mr. Waldstein has initiated a startling method. He begins by proclaiming, *urbi et orbi*, some wonderful discovery; when other people interfere to express a doubt, he bids them be silent; then he discovers himself that his discovery is worth nothing, and wants to be credited for the second achievement as highly as for the first one. There is such a deal of unscientific naïveté in this process that serious archæologists might abstain from troubling themselves and others about it. Indeed, I have, for some time past, left Mr. Waldstein and his contradictions to their fate; but as he seems now to require a new warning, he will get it: *ecco servito*.

In his 'Essays on the Art of Pheidias,' published in 1885, Mr. Waldstein stated that the terracotta plaques reproducing parts of the Parthenon frieze were probably the original clay models made by Pheidias. "If the models of Pheidias were valued and kept by the Greeks, it is most likely that upon the dissolution of Greek independence . . . such portable remains would have been taken to Rome" (p. 238). In a diffuse note annexed to the same chapter of his almost unreadable work, Mr. Waldstein acknowledged (or discovered, if he prefers) that the terracottas *might* be forgeries, but he concluded (p. 265): "The view which to my own mind presents the fewest serious difficulties, is that the plaques are genuine antiques." In his article "Pheïdias," in Baumeister's *Denkmäler*, Mr. Waldstein published the Paris plaque, with the note (p. 1315): "Die Platte wird von Andern als verdächtig angesehen." These words prove clearly that Mr. Waldstein disagreed on that point with the *Andern*, and thought the plaque to be genuine.

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I reviewed Mr. Waldstein's 'Essays' in the *Revue Critique* (1886, i., p. 401). Your correspondent says, in his letter, that I made "a thoroughly unjustifiable attack upon another chapter of his [my] book." My attack was, on the contrary, perfectly justified. Mr. Waldstein had found that a head in the Louvre, purchased in 1882, belonged to a metope of the Parthenon, and he wrote a paper on the subject in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* for 1882. Meanwhile, in the *Bulletin de la Société des Antiquaires* a notice had appeared to the effect that the head in question had been recognized by the authorities in the Louvre as belonging to the Parthenon sculptures before Mr. Waldstein could have seen it (cf. *Revue des Revues*, viii., p. 203.) Reprinting his paper in 1885, Mr. Waldstein ought to have known that chapter of the "literature" of his subject. I reproached him, very gently, with having ignored it; that is what Mr. Waldstein calls a "thoroughly unjustifiable attack." In the same article, I am said by Mr. Waldstein to have "stated in decided terms that the terracotta plaques were not genuine." "This statement," continues Mr. Waldstein, "rested entirely upon his own authority." That is perfectly true; I did not want anybody else's authority to write as I did (p. 404):

"Les esquisses de Phidias sont un pur roman. M. Waldstein a eu le tort très grave de publier les deux essais tels qu'il les avait écrits dans l'enthousiasme de sa découverte, quitte à reléguer des objections écrasantes dans une longue note en petits caractères que bien des gens pourront négliger de lire. . . . De toutes les catégories d'objets antiques, aucune n'est plus aisée à contrefaire que les terres-cuites. . . . J'ai examiné avec le plus grand soin la plaque du Louvre, qui peut vraiment donner le change aux plus experts; mais quand le moule est fourni par la réduction mathématique d'un chef-d'œuvre, quand la terre est la même que celle des anciennes terres-cuites italiennes, comment veut-on que le travail du faussaire laisse des vestiges apparents?"

Now, Mr. Waldstein writes just the same thing, but credits his "own experience of ancient terracottas," which I have hitherto heard nothing of, with the revelation of that important piece of truth!

I have been repeatedly obliged, when dealing with Mr. Waldstein's works, to reproach him with writing phrases which have no meaning whatever. Mr. Cecil Torr, in the *Classical Review* (1889, p. 420), has gone a step further, and declared squarely that Mr. Waldstein's catalogue of the Fitzwilliam contained much "nonsense." I must say just the same of the following phrase in his letter: "If these plaques are forged reproductions of the Parthenon frieze itself, the recognition of their Pheidiac character, even in their mutilated condition, strongly proves the correctness of this method of observation." *Sunt verba et voces.* Nobody ever heard of a "method" consisting in detecting that a reduced copy of the Venus of Melos resembles the Venus of Melos. I boldly assert that no archæologist or even philologist will ever get an appearance of common sense out of that sentence.

But to return to the plaques. In 1889, the discovery of the head of Iris, belonging to the Parthenon frieze, brought a new argument to bear against their genuineness. I expected that Mr. Waldstein would confess that I was right, and that the controversy would pass *ad acta*. Instead of that, he triumphed once more in the excellence of his "method," and added emphatically: "It is by such discoveries that this question will finally be decided, and not by mere assertions on the part of those who have not carefully studied all the points, and have in no way contributed by unwarrantable expression of opinion to the settling of the problem." Whereupon I replied (*Revue Archéologique*, 1889, ii., p. 95): "Voilà une pierre dans mon jardin, où je la ramasse avec beaucoup d'indifférence. . . . Obligé d'avouer que j'avais raison, M. Waldstein-essaie de faire croire qu'il s'est éclairé lui-même, et que mes objections ne lui ont rien appris du tout." I remember having erased from my proof-sheets a rather too frank qualification of Mr. Waldstein's dealing on that occasion.

At the beginning of the present year, Furtwaengler, in his 'Meisterwerke,' pronounced Mr. Waldstein's plaques to be genuine, referring them to a set of copies made in the time of Augustus, which is at least not as absurd as Mr. Waldstein's own hypothesis was. But, in the meantime, Mr. Waldstein has collected other arguments against their genuineness, and he now enters a protest against Furtwaengler's "violent assurance" in vindicating it! Furtwaengler, indeed, is very fond of bold assertions, and they often enough have brought him into trouble; but he is a great archæologist, the greatest of our age after Brunn, a man who is capable of holding a personal opinion, not a vacillating dilettante in archæology. His method does not consist in asserting on one page and denying on the next, as Mr. Waldstein has done not only in the case of the plaques, but in the farcical controversy about the Eretrian tomb. I think Furtwaengler is wrong in believing the plaques to be genuine, and I maintain against him, as I did against the author of the 'Essays,' that they are Italian forgeries made in this century. On the other hand, I can perfectly conceive that a man of such a high scientific standing should have got irritated by the pedantic flimsiness of a so-called "method," and I easily pardon him for having spoken of Mr. Waldstein, in his immortal 'Meisterwerke,' more harshly than French politeness ever allowed me to do (see 'Meisterwerke,' p. 229).

SALOMON REINACH.

MUSÉE DE ST.-GERMAIN, May 19, 1894.

SAMBO AND SANCHO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some weeks since you called attention to a supposed misprint in one of Mr. Lowell's Letters (vol. ii., p. 301). Writing in November, 1885, he said, as printed, "Aren't the enchanters as active as ever? Haven't they resuscitated Sambo in a shape as *descomunal* as ever after we had dismounted him once and for all?" A few lines before, Mr. Lowell had referred to Don Quixote, and you suggested that "Sambo" was a misprint for "Sancho." The suggestion had an aspect of plausibility. But Mr. Lowell wrote "Sambo"; the word in his autograph letter is so distinct as to admit of no question.

I suspect that he was thinking of the "bloody shirt" incantations of some Northern politicians, and of the resuscitation of Sambo in the *descomunal* shape of a voter led by Mahone.

I am, very truly yours, C. E. NORTON.

CAMBRIDGE, May 28, 1894.

SIR H. PARKES'S BIOGRAPHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The very just as well as very thorough review of the Life of Sir Harry Parkes in your last issue may be supplemented, if you will permit, by a reference to one of the biographers' anti-Americanism. This is at times rabid, amusing, and provocative of absurd inaccuracy. For example, in the table of contents is a line, "American butchers as professors, p. 306." On that page the biographer says:

"It might be supposed that this [Mr. John A. Bingham's] prejudice against British subjects and the British minister arose out of some scathing comments upon American teachers in the employment of the Japanese Government."

Now, it happens that most of the American teachers in Tokio in 1873 were graduates of West Point, Annapolis, or schools and colleges in the United States, while those of British origin were from the counter, the shambles, or the forecastle. The worthy butcher against whom Japanese pride revolted, was an English gentleman who, at last accounts, still plied his honorable trade at Kobe. Why a butcher was any the less fit instructor for Japanese youth than a tinsmith or common sailor was the wonder of the writer of the articles on "Education in Japan" published in the *Japan Mail* of 1873. The "scathing comments," while not consciously directed against any one nationality, necessarily concerned most that which was numerically in the majority—the British. Two separate translations of these articles into Japanese were carefully pondered by the officers in the Department of Education, and henceforth the instructors in the higher Government schools were appointed from duly accredited graduates of the universities of Europe and America.

THE AUTHOR OF "EDUCATION IN JAPAN."

ITHACA, N. Y., May 26, 1894.

THE NATIONAL PARK IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me, as one of the residents of the State of Washington, to thank you for the valuable support you are giving to the bill for the establishment of a National Park in this State, and to quote a portion of a report made by Mr. E. O. Schwagerl, superintendent of the Seattle Parks, to the Board of Park Commissioners concerning the beauty of the region included in this proposed National Park, and the danger of delay in the consummation of the project. Mr. Schwagerl says:

"The natural beauty of this reservation is indeed wonderful. Its numerous streams, cascades, torrents, and waterfalls, amid solid walls of rugged rocks and verdure, have no equal anywhere. The symmetrical and charming beauty of the characteristic trees, crowning and dressing the tops of ridges, hills and mounds with their varied undergrowths, constitute unequalled natural groves, clusters, and groups. Those trees, by reason of their altitude, have made very slow and very short annual growths, and thus have become extremely dense and compact in their foliage and twigs. Their resinous nature, as also the miniature moss forming upon them, makes them extremely inflammable. This fact induced some visitors, as reported by settlers and guides, to set fire to them, merely to enjoy a momentary rocket conflagration, and thus many an invaluable forest gem has been killed and the beautiful park scenery of Paradise Valley irreparably marred and injured, while others have ruthlessly cut down live trees for their camp-fire wood. In a short time, if such vandalism is not peremptorily stopped, one of the (if not the) most beautiful natural parks in the United States will have been ruined beyond reparation. It is also true that this natural park possesses but little game—a few mountain goats, very few of the rare white grouse, the 'whistling pigs,' and some few timid bears. These inoffensive animals are being hunted down and will soon be exterminated, but should by all means be encouraged to live, increase, and remain the live feature of so wonderfully beauti-

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ful and interesting a National Park. It is earnestly recommended that your honorable body make known this lamentable and dangerous condition of things in this valuable and important National Park reservation to the honorable Secretary of the Interior, for him to recommend such measures or steps as in the premises seem to him needful."

The foregoing quotation shows the urgent need of the passage of the bill.

Yours truly, GEORGE H. PRESTON.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, May 15, 1894.

Notes.

D. APPLETON & CO. are on the point of issuing by subscription 'The United States of America,' in the light of this country's natural resources, industries, and commerce, and educational, literary, and artistic performance; Prof. Shaler being the editor.

D. Van Nostrand Co. have nearly ready 'Modern Methods of Sewage Disposal for Towns, Public Institutions and Isolated Houses,' by Col. Geo. E. Waring, jr., and 'New Roads and Road Laws in the United States,' by Roy Stone.

'The Church and the Kingdom,' two addresses by the Rev. Washington Gladden, will be published next month by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Macmillan & Co. announce 'Children's Singing-Games,' edited by Alice B. Gomme and pictured in black and white by Winifred Smith.

Roberts Bros. will shortly publish 'The Dancing Faun,' by Florence Farr; 'Keynotes,' stories by George Egerton; and 'The Wedding Garment,' a tale of the life to come, by Louis Pendleton.

Lee & Shepard have in preparation a work on the esculent and poisonous qualities of mushrooms, by Capt. Julius A. Palmer, and 'The Boys' Own Guide to Fishing, Tackle-Making, and Fish-Breeding,' by John Harrington Keene.

Mr. F. S. Ellis has found time to turn Caxton's prose 'Reynard the Fox' into lively doggerel couplets (London: D. Nutt). He has not followed his original painfully, but has allowed himself considerable amplification of phrase, and has dexterously softened some incidents more acceptable to Caxton's plain-spoken times than to our own day. The book is beautifully printed, and has a clever frontispiece and title-page by Walter Crane, who has also supplied attractive head-pieces for the chapters. Mr. Ellis's brief Glossary "in vulpine verse" is amusing. We have no doubt the excellent old story will win many new friends in its latest dress.

'Selected Letters of Mendelssohn' is a new version, by W. F. Alexander, of thirty-three of the best letters of that composer (Macmillan). There is a short preface by Sir George Grove, who thinks that in the happy knack of expression "even Dean Stanley, the prince of letter-writers, hardly excels" Mendelssohn. Even if the reader should fail to agree with this flattering estimate, he will find in this brief collection some graphic descriptions of travel in Italy and Switzerland, and glimpses of musical life in Germany. In Mendelssohn's day, travel in Italy was still by stage-coach. In going from Rome to Naples, he writes: "One flies over the level plains; for a little drink-money the postilions will go at a furious gallop, which is quite what is wanted on the marshes; and if one wants to see the country, it is only necessary to refuse the drink-money, and the pace falls off at once." From a musical point of view, the most interesting of these letters is the one beginning on page 124. In it Mendelssohn declares that he is unlike other people, inasmuch as to him music is more definite in its meaning than words are. "If you ask me what was in my mind while composing a particular song, I answer, The song itself precisely as it stands." In Rome, one day, he was so incensed at hearing great composers and painters spoken of disrespectfully that he wrote: "If all my life I never contrive to do anything else, I am resolved at least to be as rude as I can to people who have no respect for the great masters." It would have been well if Mendelssohn himself had had a little more respect for the great masters who were his contemporaries—Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt. However, he never disparages them in his letters; or were such passages eliminated?

'The Legitimate School of Singing,' by Francis C. Maria de Rialp (New York: The Author), is not intended to be a new method of teaching the voice, but merely a collection of hints to singers and teachers. It may be doubted whether any teacher or student can get any satisfaction from such a definition as this of pitch: "The height and circumference, chosen for their acoustical value, at which every sound that we utter must, in its artistic capacity, originate, and within which it must be contained." But there are many good things in the little book, on chromatic sounds, trills, legato, and especially about phrasing, as to which the writer strenuously insists on what most singers and teachers overlook, namely, that it is the poem and its punctuation that should regulate the breathing, accentuation, and phrasing in general. There is also much food for thought in this sentence: "Unhappily, it is the less well-informed class that represents the larger part of our audiences, gives the verdict, and makes reputations, to the detriment of the good taste and classical principles by which singers should be guided."

Few, we think, would contend that the phase of American character whose latest designation is Coxeyism was not worth even a catch-penny volume. Such is 'The Story of the Commonweal,' by Henry Vincent, "official historian" (Chicago: W. B. Conkey). The "Citizen-Commonweal" is a non-entity like the socialist "State," but this manifestation of the loafing spirit in the American people was a shameful reality, and may well be spread upon the minutes for the future philosophic historian. The "eloquence in the patient dreariness of their plodding towards a goal" has deserted the "industrial armies" since Mr. Stanley Waterloo wrote the introduction to this account of the several west-easterly raids; but the camera speaks for them here in portraits of Coxey and Browne, of "Gen." Kelly, of L. L. Polk, "late president Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union," of Mrs. Nile C. Smith, and in numerous views of the rank and file afoot and afloat.

The spice of the new volume of Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (vol. viii., 1892-1894) is to be found in the tilt between Messrs. Robert C. Winthrop, jr., and Charles Francis Adams, growing out of the latter's 'Massachusetts and its Historians.' This controversy is very well worth reading, both for the incidental information and for the exhibition of the historic temperament in either disputant. Mr. Winthrop has occasion to rehabilitate Emmanuel Downing's reputation so far as it has been affected by Mr. Lowell's judgment. Mr. Adams's essay on the curse of the Spanish discovery of America is also contained in this volume, along with translations of letters from Gen. Pero Menendez de Aviles to the King of Spain, bequeathed to the Society by the late Francis Parkman, whose brief and modest autobiography in the third person is here printed, and supplemented by Mr. O. B. Frothingham's elaborate sketch of the historian.

In the *Nation* of January 11 last, President Gilman noted the fact, published by the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, that on August 6, 1664 (O. S.), Prof. John Winthrop saw five satellites around the planet Jupiter. Mr. F. H. Clutz, a student in astronomy at the Johns Hopkins University, has published in the University Circular No. 111 an interesting inquiry into this observation. The question considered is whether there was any bright star around Jupiter on the evening in question that could have been mistaken for a satellite. Mr. Clutz computed the place of Jupiter from Leverrier's tables for the night of observation, and then, from a star catalogue, found that the star numbered 6,448 in the British Association Catalogue was only five minutes south of Jupiter, while two other yet brighter stars were a little more than half-a-degree away. As Winthrop had no means of distinguishing a satellite of Jupiter from a star, there can be no doubt that some of his supposed satellites were one or more of these stars.

Mr. Waters's "Genealogical Gleanings in England," in the April number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, deal largely with the Massachusetts family of Pynchon, of Essex origin; as is very convincingly displayed. Incidentally, Mr. Waters directs the attention of genealogists to the Stowe MSS. in the British Museum, as containing "one of the richest and most valuable heraldic and genealogical collections in the Museum," as yet unindexed. He further prints the will of Anthony Radcliffe, brother of Lady Ann Mowlson, the benefactor of Harvard whose family name has just been bestowed upon the Annex. In the same number of the *Register*, Judge A. W. Savary of Annapolis Royal, N. S., traces the pedigree of the inventor Edison to his grandfather Samuel, among the Loyalists of New York who settled in and near Digby, N. S., where Edison's father, Samuel, was born before the migration to Upper Canada and Michigan began, in 1811. The only representatives of the name at present in Digby are colored people, descendants of a negro brought by the well-to-do Edisons from New York.

The annual report of the curators of the Bodleian Library for the year 1893 shows an increase of upwards of fifty-seven thousand "printed and MS. items" received during the year. Nearly forty thousand of these came in under the copyright act. Of the remaining seventeen thousand-odd, 4,990 come from the United Kingdom, 666 from the United States, and 4,978 from Germany and Austria. France contributes 2,896. The Shelley donation, received from the poet's daughter-in-law, who offered it through one of the curators, the late Prof. Jowett, is rightly pronounced "one of the most important gifts received by the library for many years." It consists partly of volumes given under special conditions. These are not to be opened or copied until twenty-odd years hence, and consist of MS. letters of Shelley, his second wife, and others, together with two printed volumes, containing the journal-book of Shelley and other biographical documents. The remainder of the Shelley donation is permanently exhibited in the library, and consists of ten autograph MSS., three volumes of his

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printed works, the Sophocles found in his hand after death, and two copies of portraits of the poet. Eighty-five MSS. have been acquired during the year, and also a collection of Icelandic *grafskriptir*, ranging from 1823 to 1892. These Bodley's Librarian describes as "funeral-broadsheets, generally containing brief particulars relating to the deceased, and suitable poetry." To this he adds: "The collection was sent from Iceland, with a consignment of ponies, to a Glasgow merchant, who offered it to the Bodleian."

The report upon Uganda by the late Sir Gerald Portal, recently presented to Parliament, will increase the general regret at the untimely decease of this able officer. It is a very clear statement, in a series of terse propositions, of the condition of the country, the difficulties of the problem presented to him, and the various methods of solving it. He asserts very emphatically that there can be no honorable withdrawal from the country; that, if this were to take place, the natives' trust in English promises and English credit would be completely broken. Not only so, but some other European Power, probably Germany, would immediately take possession of the "natural key to the whole of the Nile valley and to the richest parts of Central Africa, and the only country which offers any present hope of profitable commerce." The direct administration of Uganda by the Government is not advised, on account of the great expense, but a somewhat indefinite plan is proposed "by which the English sphere of influence may be maintained, with the help of Zanzibar." He advocates the construction of a railway to the coast and the putting two steam launches on Lake Victoria. The report contains some strictures upon the course pursued by the British East Africa Company, especially with regard to its bringing the Sudanese troops of Emin Pasha into the country, where they have committed great atrocities. These strictures the directors of the company have answered in a letter addressed to the Government.

Dr. J. W. Gregory has given, in the *Fortnightly Review*, a lively description of his recent expedition to Mt. Kenia, the region in which the new socialistic experiment of Freeland is to be tried. From it we gather that the advantages of the country for European colonization have been somewhat exaggerated. The soil is often rich, but the rains are very uncertain, and agricultural produce cannot pay with the present cost of transport, "even if there were a railway to the coast." Of mineral wealth there are very few indications, "as a rule not even enough to found a mining company on." Cattle-ranching might pay, except that occasionally the whole country is swept by disease, and the cattle and buffaloes are then practically exterminated. The natives, too, are bitterly hostile to the Europeans, rendered so by the treatment which they have received from the expeditions of Count Teleki and Dr. Peters. "You white men," said a chief, "have faces that smile like the sky, but you are bad inside." Dr. Gregory was unsuccessful in his unaided attempt to reach the summit of the mountain, but he climbed high enough to make some important observations of the geological structure of the mass, the extent of its glaciers, and the character of its fauna and flora.

Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill, the author of 'The Land of the Lamas,' made a second journey through Mongolia and Tibet in 1892, an account of which he has given in the May number of the *Geographical Journal*. His intention was to have crossed Tibet to India, but, on approaching Lhasa, which he nearly reached, he was stopped and compelled to return to China. During eleven months he had "travelled about 8,000 miles, surveyed 3,417, and, during the geographically important part of the journey, crossed sixty-nine passes, all of them rising over 14,500 feet above sea-level" Mr. Rockhill (an American, it should be remembered) is not only a careful observer and geographer, as the accompanying map shows, but he is, according to Sir Henry Howorth, "one of perhaps three men in the world who know both Chinese and Tibetan, and the only man who is known to have waded through the enormous masses of Buddhist literature of Tibet—an absolutely unknown land to all but himself." There is also an account of the celebration by the Royal Geographical Society of the fifth centenary of the birth of Prince Henry the Navigator, and a report of Baron Toll's interesting expedition last year to Arctic Siberia and the New Siberia Islands, which he reached by travelling in dog-sledges on the ice.

We note the arrest, on suspicion of anarchy, of one of "Les Jeunes," M. Felix Fénéon, a décadent and symbolist writer well known in the Quartier Latin. M. Fénéon is rather old for a "Jeune," since he was born in 1861, but he makes up in youthfulness what he lacks in youth. He founded in 1883 the first of the reviews of the Latin Quarter, the *Revue Indépendante*, a duodecimo monthly, which lived for only a year or two, though it has been revived since. The earlier series is interesting at the present time, and even to some extent valuable, since Fénéon, who wrote very little in it himself, had among his habitual contributors some men now of much repute. Stephane Mallarmé wrote for it, and Paul Verlaine, and Émile Hennequin, and Édouard Rod, and Moréas and Tailhade and J. K. Huysmans, with others of less note. Fénéon himself wrote art criticisms in praise and honor of the Impressionist school of painters. Since the death of the *Revue Indépendante*, literature has been with M. Fénéon rather an avocation than a regular pursuit. He entered the civil service of the Republic, and at the time of his arrest was a chief clerk at the War Office.

M. Francisque Sarcey, in a recent *feuilleton*, tells a rather amusing story. Blumenthal, the great theatre manager of Berlin, was talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen, and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" To whom Tolstoi: "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself. He just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come, and tell him what he meant." This is an excellent story to receive with reserves, since the truth of it would not be in the least degree lessened if it should be shown never to have occurred as a fact. In that event it would merely take its place among that class of writings which Semitic scholars call Haggadah, the aim of which is not so much historical exactness as the conveying of valuable moral and critical lessons.

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema has been receiving a certain amount of printed praise for the freshness and cleverness of the title of h r new novel, 'The Wings of Icarus.' But nothing is new in this senescent world. Charles de Bernard wrote 'Les Ailes d'Icare' something like fifty years ago, and Thackeray spoke of it at some length in 'The Paris Sketch-book.' The volume is still in print.

Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, London, who is engaged in writing a work on the horn-book, desires to get a full-size photograph and description of one in the shape of a cross lately sold by a Folkestone dealer, Signor Chanteri, to a Parisian trader.

Radcliffe College has been wise and fortunate in securing, as its first Dean, Miss Agnes Irwin of Philadelphia. This lady has long been at the head of a successful and widely known young ladies' school in that city. She comes of a remarkable family, being, on her mother's side, a favorite niece of Alexander Bache and a great-granddaughter of Franklin; and she is a worthy representative of such a line. Indeed, it is not too much to say that her access to this office is an event of first-rate importance to the interests of the higher education of women. Miss Irwin will bring to the serious problems of administration which such an institution as Radcliffe College presents, and also to the simpler duties of the place and her merely personal relations with the students and officers of instruction, a combination of admirable qualities which promises the happiest results. Learning, wide accomplishments, sagacity, breadth of understanding, and other intellectual gifts such as it would be hard to match, are but the least things in this gracious outfit.

—The first instalment of Prof. J. B. Thayer's new book of select 'Cases in Constitutional Law,' and notes, following his 'Cases in Evidence,' published last year (Cambridge: Charles W. Sever), is before us, and the completed work (which, the author's preface tells us, will be about four times as large), will appear in two volumes some time during the current year. The present "fragment," as Prof. Thayer terms it, deals with only three topics—the constitutions of government, the making and changing of written constitutions, and the jurisdiction of the United States. An appendix contains the Articles of Confederation, the United States Constitution, the Massachusetts Constitution of 1780, and a great number of interesting selections from different State constitutions and colonial charters. As yet the book lacks an index, though it contains a table of cases. Such a work as this, if carried out, as it surely will be, in the same careful and thorough manner, will be a great addition to a branch of legal literature already more fully treated than perhaps any other. The Constitution of the United States was explained clause by clause in the *Federalist* by its ablest framers. The debates in Convention and in the subsequent bodies of ratification of the different States remain to further elucidate it. Nor does any antiquated or obscure language or professional jargon confuse the terms of the instrument or the subsequent writings upon it, among which are the most splendid achievements of the law: the 'Commentaries' of Kent and Story; the opinions of the Supreme Bench, from Marshall to Miller; the 'Limitations' of Judge Cooley; and the comments of other observers less technical but no less profound, from Tocqueville to Bryce. Prof. Thayer's work promises to contain the great cases from Marbury vs. Madison, which first held the Constitution paramount to all other law, down to such recent cases as Leisy vs. Hardin, "the original-package case," together with selections from the *Federalist*, and other sources of comment, copious notes and reference, arranged in order, which will make the work a reference library to almost any text-book on the subject. The opening chapter even traces the source of a modern constitutional formation and theory back through Montesquieu, to whom we more immediately

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owe so much, to Aristotle's 'Politics,' where the following very striking passage occurs: "In every form of government (πολιτεία) there are three departments (μόρια) . . . . Of these three, one is the part which deliberates (τὸ βουλευόμενον) about public affairs; the second is that which has to do with the offices . . .; and the third is the judicial part (τὸ δικάζον.)"

—Liberality and progress have made two great strides in the University of Oxford. A last attack upon the establishment of an eighth final school, the "Final Honour School of English Language and Literature," was defeated in Congregation on May 1, when the form of statute establishing the new school was promulgated, and its preamble was finally adopted by 120 placets against 46 non-placets. The details of this statute are now open to amendment, but the establishment of the school is assured. The preamble adopted runs as follows: "Whereas it is expedient to establish a Final Honour School of English Language and Literature, the University enacts as follows." This school must include authors "belonging to the different periods of English literature," and "the history of the English language and the history of English literature." Special subjects "falling within or usually studied in connection with the English language and literature" are also provided for. Candidates must have studied their authors "(1) with reference to the forms of the language, (2) as examples of literature, and (3) in their relation to the history and thought of the period to which they belong." The study of Anglo-Saxon, and of the relation of English to "the languages with which it is etymologically connected" and of the history of English literature, is made the centre of the whole school, and a board of at least twenty examiners is provided for. Their duty shall be "to see that, as far as possible, equal weight is given to language and literature" in the conduct of the examination, "provided always that candidates who offer special subjects shall be at liberty to choose subjects connected either with language or with literature or with both."

—The second progressive vote in Congregation was carried on May 8, and amounts to the first step towards establishing post-graduate studies. Without a dissentient vote, a resolution was passed to the following general effect: New degrees are to be established, which shall be granted, after a course of special study or research, not only "to members of the University who have passed the examinations qualifying for the degree of Bachelor of Arts," but also "to persons, not being graduates of Oxford, who have given satisfactory proof of general education, and of fitness to enter on a course of general study." By a vote of 73 to 40 it was also resolved to allow those who have taken these proposed new degrees "to supplicate for the M.A. degree on paying the usual fees" when they have qualified by residence. Universities and local colleges approved by Convocation are to have "the same privilege with respect to standing" enjoyed by affiliated colleges. Without a dissentient vote it was resolved that candidates for the new degrees must be at least twenty-one years old, and that for these degrees a residence of three years in the University shall be required, "provided that residence for two years in a university or college approved by Convocation or in an affiliated college should be reckoned as equivalent to one year's residence in Oxford." Finally a Delegacy is to admit candidates, supervise their work, and authorize them "to supplicate for the proposed new degrees." This Delegacy is also to be empowered to appoint committees of graduates to report on each candidate's capacity, and, if he be approved, to superintend his work. The proposal that these new degrees be "Master of Science" and "Master of Letters" was not agreed to. It will be seen that many other difficult questions of detail are still left vague. When a definite form of statute is promulgated, all these matters will be cleared up, but the important fact remains that the University of Oxford is now committed to the establishment of degrees leading to the Oxford M.A., which may be obtained by candidates who have no Oxford degree, and will certainly be awarded on the strength of work hardly to be gauged by examination papers. A series of compromises between the German requirement of a thesis and the premium on brilliant essay-writing offered by the Oxford *Literæ Humaniores* School are likely to be initiated, but the needs of students in natural science will also have claims to a most special and careful consideration.

—The first number for 1894 of the *Archivio Storico dell' Arte* contains two short but highly interesting articles by Signor Frizzoni upon topics concerning Leonardo. In the one, he discusses the pastel heads of Apostles at Weimar, which he is inclined to ascribe to Andrea Solario, the author of a splendid copy of the "Last Supper" dating from about 1514, and now exhibited along with the ruined original. In his other article, he touches upon a question of more general interest. In a recent number of the *Archivio Storico Lombardo*, Signor Emilio Motta published a document concerning nothing less than the famous "Vierge aux Rochers." Unanimous as are the critics regarding the merits of this masterpiece, they are by no means agreed as to precisely which it is, whether the one in Paris or the one in London. The best connoisseurship has decided in favor of the Louvre picture; but as their opponents get something like support from Signor Motta's document, Dr. Frizzoni hastens to discuss its real bearing. The new document is a petition from Ambrogio da Predis (a painter to whom Morelli has ascribed a number of famous portraits passing under the name of Leonardo) and Leonardo himself to Ludovico Sforza, begging him to compel the monks of San Francesco either to pay them the hundred ducats the triptych was worth, instead of the five and twenty offered, or to return it to them. Of this triptych, Leonardo had painted the "Madonna of the Rocks," and Ambrogio the wings, each containing an angel. Now, the picture at present in the National Gallery certainly comes from San Francesco, the wings having meanwhile become the property of Duke Melzi at Milan; but Signor Frizzoni, far from being dismayed by this, points to the probability that Leonardo did take back his picture from the monks, letting them retain for their 25 ducats a copy which they cannot be blamed for finding equally satisfactory, considering that so many critics still prefer it (the National Gallery "Madonna") to the original.

—The Hawaiian Islands seem to be capable of furnishing food for thought in the scientific as well as the political world. Astronomical observations recently made there showed that the newly discovered motion of the earth's axis has opposite phases for Honolulu and Berlin; and now a new value for the mean density of the earth has been found by measuring the force of gravity at the summits of two of their highest craters. The method adopted was first used in England, but has been carried out in Hawaii on an unprecedented scale; the disturbing influence of the mountain on a plumb-line being no less than a minute of arc, corresponding to a distance of a mile on the earth's surface. Moreover, a pendulum which beat seconds at the sea-level was found to be accelerated by the attraction of the mountain by twenty-two seconds per day when carried to the summit at an elevation of 13,000 feet. The mean density of the earth obtained was 5.33. By permission of the superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, these results have just been communicated to the Philosophical Society of Washington by the observer, Mr. E. D. Preston, one of the officers of the coast-survey service.

—By the death of Álvaro Campaner y Fuertes, which occurred at Palma April 20, Mallorca has lost the younger of her two foremost literary men, and Spain a writer whose name is a noteworthy one in the bibliography of her historical literature. Educated for the law, Mr. Campaner filled various judicial positions, retiring, after many years of public service, with a pension. In 1859 he published a work on ancient Catalan commercial law, but he had already given evidence that his tastes lay in the direction of historical research rather than purely legal study. He obtained the prize offered by the Archduke Luis Salvador, on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Instituto Balear, for an essay on the Arab domination of the Balearic Islands, by a monograph which was afterwards expanded into a volume and published, in 1888, under the title, 'Bosquejo histórico de la Dominación islamita en las Islas Baleares.' The author's remarkable familiarity with the manuscript and other sources of the history of Mallorca is well indicated in a quarto volume published, in 1881, by State aid, called 'Cronicón Mayoricense, desde 1229 hasta 1800.' His contributions to periodicals and society transactions elucidating obscure historical questions were numerous, and of a nature to give his conclusions the weight of authority, and his services to archæology and numismatics were acknowledged by the bestowal of honorary membership in several learned associations. It was as a numismatist that Mr. Campaner was best known throughout Europe, and his extensive and exact knowledge recognized. His collection of coins and medals is large and valuable. In addition to collaboration in the production of important works on Iberian numismatics, notably Heiss's 'Descripción general de las monedas hispano-cristianas,' his individual publications upon this topic—books, pamphlets, articles—cover a period of more than thirty years. Special mention may be made of his 'Numismática Balear,' an octavo volume, with plates, published at Palma in 1879, and of his 'Indicador Manual de la Numismática española,' which appeared at Madrid as late as 1891, and is a compact handbook to the voluminous and intricate history of the numismatics of Spain. Not only is Mr. Campaner's decease a public loss, but because of his probity, pure-mindedness, animated spirit, and warm heart, the knowledge of it will bring a sense of personal bereavement to all who have ever met him.

—Readers generally are familiar with Fra Paolo as the historian of the Council of Trent and as the adviser of the Signoria of Venice in its quarrel with Paul V. Those who desire in

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addition to know him as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, of the undulatory theory of light, and of heat as a mode of motion, and also as the originator of Locke's 'Essay on the Understanding,' can consult the Rev. Alexander Robertson's 'Fra Paolo Sarpi' (T. Whittaker), a small volume of about 200 pages. It does not contain, apparently, the results of any original research, but recites in somewhat exaggerated style the well-known facts in the career of the remarkable man whom the author characterizes on the title-page as "the greatest of the Venetians" and elsewhere as "undoubtedly one of the greatest thinkers the world has ever seen." The reader, perhaps, would feel more confidence in Mr. Robertson's estimate of his hero if he had not manifested partisanship so intense as effectually to disable his judgment. It is somewhat late in the day to allude to Cardinal Pole as "the traitor Reginald Pole," to speak of Sixtus V. as a martyr to reform, whose poisoning by the Jesuits "is well authenticated," and to assert that "of all human institutions monasteries seem most liable to slide into disorder, degeneracy, and depravity." Sarpi as a youth was unusually precocious; when he was but eighteen years of age, in 1570, he was appointed professor of theology at Mantua, but it was not necessary for Mr. Robertson to exalt his precocity when in 1578, at the age of twenty-six, he was honored by the great university of Padua with the degree of doctor of theology, by saying that, "being but twenty years old, he was the youngest man ever so honored by this ancient university." The volume, in fact, is amateurish throughout, and the author shows himself indifferently equipped for a subject worthy of the labors of the most industrious and conscientious scholar.

LETTERS OF COUNTESS GRANVILLE.

Letters of Harriet Countess Granville. 1810–1845. Edited by her son, the Hon. F. Leveson Gower. 2 vols. Longmans. 1894.

THE writer of these delightful letters was Lady Harriet Cavendish, younger daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire and wife of the first Earl Granville. The letters are addressed to her only sister, Lady Georgiana Morpeth, whose husband became the sixth Earl of Carlisle; to her sister-in-law, the Countess of Harrowby; and to her only brother, the sixth Duke of Devonshire. Lord Granville (then Lord Granville Leveson Gower) was sent to Oxford at the age of fifteen, and there he formed a lifelong friendship with Mr. Canning. In 1824 Lord Granville, having already been British Ambassador in Russia, was sent to The Hague, but after a few months there he was transferred to Paris. He was British Ambassador in Paris from 1824 to 1828 and again from 1830 to 1841. It was mainly due to Lord Granville's influence that a war between France and England in 1840 was averted. The strain and anxiety which he underwent at that time brought on an attack of paralysis from which he never entirely recovered, and he died in 1846. Lord and Lady Granville's marriage was one of more than ordinary happiness. Her ever-increasing affection for her husband and her fresh vivacity supported Lord Granville through the many trials of a career as difficult as it was prosperous. Of their five children one son died young. The eldest was the late Lord Granville, so long one of the most distinguished members of the Liberal party in England. The third son, the editor of these letters, represented Bodmin in Parliament for twenty six years. The elder daughter, the Susan of the Letters, married the fourth Lord Rivers. The second daughter, Lady Georgiana, married Mr. Fullerton, and was the author of several novels, of which 'Ellen Middleton' is the best known. A very interesting Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton has been written by Mme. Augustus Craven.

Lady Granville throughout her life held the strongest view of the importance of duty. The duties which fell to her lot as ambassadress were generally very distasteful to her, but she never failed to fulfil them not only thoroughly but cheerfully. Her own standard of right was a high one, and while she admired those who acted up to it, she was full of indulgence for those who fell short of it. She mixed with all the celebrated and distinguished people of her day, and her comments on them, though always amusing or interesting, are never unkind. She found it possible to remain unspotted from the world while compelled to lead a life which might well have been both selfish and worldly in the highest degree. After Lord Granville's death Lady Granville shrank from all society but that of her children and nearest relatives. She died in 1862, fifteen years after the death of her husband.

Lady Granville was able to describe a scene or a character in a few graphic words:

"I have made acquaintance with [Lord Byron]. He is agreeable, but I feel no wish for any further intimacy. His countenance is fine when it is in repose, but, the moment it is in play, suspicious, malignant, and consequently repulsive. His manner is either remarkably gracious and conciliatory, with a tinge of affectation, or irritable and impetuous, and then, I am afraid, perfectly natural."

"[Lady Morley] falls upon the flatness and ennui of London society like rain upon a parched field."

"[Lady Binning's] conversation is like what the *Quarterly Review* says of Sir John Carr's last work, 'a heavy fall of the lightest possible materials.'"

"[Lord Harrowby in general conversation] is a little too much 'squared to nicest rules.' The grammar is so good, and the period so neat. I do not mean to say that these are not desirable points; but, as Hannah More says of good housewifery, one should see the effect and not the details."

"I quite love the Duke of Wellington. He is neither an agreeable man nor in my eyes a *héros de roman*, but he is the most unpretending, perfectly natural and amiable person I ever met with."

"Lady Grantham looks amongst [the French ladies] like a moon shining upon a common of furze bushes."

Lord and Lady Granville spent a short time in Paris during the visit of the allied sovereigns in 1815. Lady Granville writes:

"The Emperor of Russia . . . has taken a new and grave line, *se promène dans son jardin*, and only with the ugly and the old. The King of Prussia prowls about after his own heart without exciting much attention, and the Emperor of Austria is never seen at all."

"[The ball given by the Duke of Wellington] was a most extraordinary one, about four hundred men to forty women. . . . I met Talleyrand waddling out; he did not speak to me, so I had only the satisfaction of seeing his dirty, cunning face and long coat for a moment. After him came Fouché, a little spare, sallow, shrewd-looking man, who seems to unite all parties in one common feeling—horror of his character, and the policy of not betraying it. He is, I conclude, the worst and the most useful man the King could have found in his whole dominions."

"[The Duc de Rohan's] vanity is like a farce. Somebody was complimenting him on his having an expressive countenance. He said, 'Oui, mais il faudrait me voir quand je prie.'"

Lady Granville gives an interesting account of the trial of Queen Caroline in 1820. She had "an unshakable conviction of the Queen's profligacy," and took the same view as the Archbishop of Canterbury. "He says it is better that the bill should be thrown out with the moral conviction in the higher orders that she is guilty, than carried with the moral conviction in the lower orders that she is innocent." Lord and Lady Granville spent the Christmas of 1824, just before their departure for The Hague, with George the Fourth at Brighton. The invitation to the Pavilion was for nine days, and each lady was expected to provide herself with nine new gowns. Lady Granville writes that "the King is all gayety, graciousness, and nimbleness, . . . his kindness quite moving. But never was anything so dull. The intense heat [of the rooms] makes us all languid, we eat too much, and there is no variety of society and lots of royalty." Lady Granville thoroughly enjoyed The Hague, as she had her day to herself and received visitors only in the evening. She was supposed never to look at pictures, but her descriptions of those at The Hague and at Amsterdam are most vivid. The Dutch court was very formal. Lady Granville says:

"This morning I went, all over diamonds and black satin, to Court. A little *grand-chambellan* leads me from the door to an anteroom where four *dames d'honneur* receive me, till the folding-doors open and I walk in alone to the Queen, standing in the middle of a very large and handsome *salle d'audience*. She is a shy, quiet, well-behaved woman, in miserable health. . . . We talk of our royal family, of the loss of our horses [which died on the voyage], of the size of my house, and of the weather. A little back door opens and the King drops in. Five minutes more small royal talk, and then I back out with a train five yards long."

When Lord Granville was transferred from The Hague to Paris, some of Lady Granville's English acquaintances imagined that she would be dazzled by the greatness of her new position. Her own view of the change was very different. She writes from The Hague:

"For my own feelings, they are selfishly fear of any change of a place and life I like so much, dread of all the worries and duties of Paris, late hours, *grande parure*, visits, presentations, all my favorite aversions. Then comes the thinking Granville will prefer it, that my children will have better masters."

Lady Granville determined to conquer her aversion to dress and to dissipation, and so well did she succeed that she became the most popular English Ambassadress ever sent to Paris. She writes:

"I hope you will find me a laboriously dressed woman." "I am already half an *élégante*." "My face, as Mr. Hill once said, 'Lord help it'; but my *mise* was faultless." "My person is like those *mélodrames* got up at Covent Garden—no merit in the piece, but saved from being damned by the machinery." "There are invariable rules, which is a blessing: never to mind the effect, but to sit still and have it done, as to a dentist."

"I am aware that dress has been a grievance and occupation to me that it would not have been to another, save the Queen of the Sandwich Islands and Mrs. Poki. I saw the imperious necessity of it, and am learning it as a trade. The irksomeness of it, therefore, is daily diminishing. I am also aware that dissipation is a duty, and therefore the sting of it, as a fault, is taken out."

"I am absolutely baked into civility." "I am so anxious to do well that I hope I shall, but some of my duties are difficult to me. To avoid intimacy of communication, to have a degree of repelling civility of manner, to have no preferences and create none—all this will rub my back up the wrong way, but I think over my part so much that I must end by learning it." "The activity and energy of my proceedings, the unwearied loss of my time, leaves no one trace of usefulness or real good behind it. . . . However, I am not wholly discontented with myself. I never taught my children so much and so regularly as since I have been at Paris. I have made myself rules with regard to them

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which I do not allow myself to transgress." "The height of my earthly aspirations is to be allowed to abstain from pleasure." "There is one enjoyment which I earn with the sweat of my brow . . . —bedtime."

The presentation of an Ambassadress at the French court in 1824 was called the *traitement*. Lady Granville says that her behavior on the occasion was thought of so much consequence that she felt as if she were going to be hung, and all her reputation turning thereon. The Ambassadress was then invited to a great dinner at Court, she naming the guests, who must be of the highest rank of her own nation. In Lady Granville's case her own husband could not go unless invited by her. Lady Granville, shortly after her own presentation, had to attend that of the Spanish Ambassadress, who knew not a word of French and had been dragged into Paris by ten mules. Lady Granville writes:

"I pitied this poor little woman with *connaissance de cause*, but had a sort of delight at assisting instead of performing. . . . I came home at eight tired to death. Had to undress completely, lie down for a couple of hours, and then rise again out of my ashes to dress a second time for Lady Waterpark's ball."

Lady Granville did not at first enjoy the society of the French ladies, whom she thought pedantic and frivolous, and of whom she wrote:

"It is odd that their effect upon me is to crush me with the sense of my inferiority, whilst I am absolutely gasping with the sense of my superiority. . . . The truth is, they have an *aplomb*, a language, a dress *de convenance*, which it is as impossible for me to reach as it would be for one of them to think five minutes like a deep-thinking, deep-feeling Englishwoman."

Lady Granville's opinion of French society was afterwards much modified. She writes of Queen Marie Amélie, after the attempts on the life of Louis Philippe in 1832: "Only think what the Queen must at moments feel when she fears for the safety of those she devotedly loves, and without one taste or object gratified that can bring one grain into the balance. She has more dignity and calmness of manner than anybody, and I never saw any one who brought such conviction to one's mind that 'her help is from above.'"

Lady Granville had much pleasant English society during her residence in Paris. Of one friend she says: "He chews the cud of conversation; takes no notice at the time, but, two days after, 'You said so and so,' not, as one expects, to confute, but merely to state it over again as digested and approved." But "men so little understand the comfort of talking a great deal about nothing at all."

RECENT FICTION.

Ships that Pass in the Night. By Beatrice Harraden. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In Varying Moods. By Beatrice Harraden. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Superfluous Woman. Cassell Publishing Co.

Links in a Chain. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, and Other Stories. By Gertrude Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

On the Offensive: An Army Story. By George I. Putnam. Charles Scribner's Sons.

As long ago as in 1853, Mrs. Sarah Austin complained to M. Guizot that modern novels were "party pamphlets," "painful dissections of the least agreeable and beautiful parts of our nature," or a "kind of martyrology"; and she instanced a recent one from the hands of a woman as being "one of the many proofs of the desire women now have to *friser* questionable topics and to *poser* insoluble moral problems." Mrs. Austin did not live to read the pamphlets, the dissections, the martyrologies of to-day, or her language might have been even stronger. At a time when the best friends of women are asking, "Has woman purified literature?" it is a pleasant duty to note among their writings one like 'Ships that Pass in the Night,' which is not written on the assumption that free thought is necessarily offensive thought, or that emancipation means license morally or literarily. Essentially modern in *mise-en-scène*, manner, and touch, belonging in its literary attitude to that advanced school of novels which largely owes its existence to women writers, and which might not inaptly be called the University Extension of Fiction, this little story is yet full of the tender grace of a day not wholly dead. It is clean, it is piquant, it is healthy; and this notwithstanding that its hero and heroine meet at a Continental resort for consumptives where are gathered together the evil and the good, and notwithstanding that they are both bristling with modern views of life and humanity. It is because, with every reason for morbidness in the destiny of the two invalids, they refuse to be morbid, that the story speaks nearly to every one who is interested in observing the effect of the modern idea on the enigmas of living. The world-old question of pain is met in the modern way, by another question, "Who knows?" yet it is done with the reverence, the sweetness, and above all with the sunshine, that the moderns sometimes omit. To think of others and to be sane is the wisdom which all the learning of colleges cannot better. Dogma died before this man and woman were born; creeds never existed for them; yet they set their lives to the most orthodox of doctrines—that of the sweet and sunny. To this they are brought by grace rather than by nature; the woman learns it through suffering, and the man, later, but at last, learns it from the woman. They do what they must, growling a little, in a wholesome way, but never whining and always hoping.

'In Varying Moods,' a collection of short stories by the same author, is also full of the combined tenderness and cheer which mark the former volume. There is here the same sanity, the same determination to see the best in life and to fling over the worst a mantle of hope, kindness, and humor. The most striking virtues of the book, indeed, have been already welcomed in 'Ships that Pass in the Night.' To read this is in the main like reading that, so far as the animus goes, and even further; the likeness extending to phrases and incidents. "The Green Dragon" is the most interesting one of the collection as a story, but "The Painter and his Picture" is the most perfect artistically and the most suggestive spiritually. The stories of tragic incident are least coherently made. The preface tells us that they are more truth than fiction, but the burden of proof lies with the author to make them seem real, and they do not. "Joy and Sorrow" is almost the allegory of "Failure and Success" with which Bernardine began her book; "A London Idyl" is delicate and gracious; "A Bird of Passage" trills a clear cadenza through mountain air at dawn. The conclusions resulting from the whole are a sense of its rare merit as picture-book and lesson-book; an impression that the author has given the best of it before; a suspicion that wholesomeness might, by too much advocacy, grow conscious, and the reflection that it would be a thousand pities if so sweet and cleanly a pen should not keep itself, by rigid restraint, at the topmost height of its interest and power.

But what would Mrs. Austin have said of 'A Superfluous Woman'? Published anonymously, it is unquestionably the work of a woman, and deals with several of the topics which have conspicuously figured in recent novels, and which, from being startling, have become tiresome. The epileptic children of dissipated fathers, for instance, are getting overworked as the property of the literary stage. A woman tired of luxury seeks novelty in the peasant life of some Highlanders; becomes for a brief time a peasant, then a pagan; then, since her lover, though peasant, is not pagan, flees back to London to become the wretched wife of the best catch of the season. While the passion of an over-civilized young Londoner for a son of the soil may be a new subject, it is not attractive. It is repulsive on merely æsthetic grounds, and becomes so on moral grounds when the lady's love proves to be of the sort that "had the quality of self-abandonment, but could not rise to sacrifice. Shame she would have accepted, but noble endurance was as yet beyond her." In becoming the wife of a rake and the mother of two epileptic children, who kill each other in a nursery fight while she is atoning for her sins by resolutely and, as it proves, effectually, praying for the death of the third one yet unborn, she flourishes before us as an example of what the heroine of fiction has become since Mrs. Austin's day, and a beacon-light of suggestion as to where she may yet arrive.

The inevitable doctor in such stories, quack and omniscient, ascribes Jessamine's troubles to a lack of brain and an over-developed but meaningless strength and sweetness, so that, if the story has any purpose, it is perhaps meant to be that women should encourage their brains. There is no fault to be found with this moral; it is the text-book that is superfluous along with the woman. It belongs to the class called "strong," a term used in the studio and the dairy. The style is as of one struggling dutifully after complexity; and yet (to give it its due) there are at intervals good things excellently said:

"Colin had the sort of greatness which can see the thing in its essence without the small, despairing restlessness of those who curiously inquire into the imperfection of detail. The lasting and the eternal were enough for him; the passing flaws went unconsidered."

"Behind the mounting steps of Evolution creeps the stealthy shadow Atavism, like old guilt which can never be repudiated any more."

"One-half of us seems running backward to embrace the unspeakable ancestor, while the rest reaches forward to the high level of posterity."

"It [unsophisticatedness] falls insensibly from the catalogue of modern qualities, and its possession, though refreshing, begins to argue an intellectual want. In truth, native unsophisticatedness of soul is being exchanged for that less fleeting possession—the simplicity which is the result of choice and of deep thinking. As old good things go, new good things come, and loss is mingled with gain."

"The mischief with women is that they are too sympathetic. I am convinced it is an indication of contempt. I have remarked that every woman thinks all men beneath her, save the one she is in love with."

If Miss Briscoe's 'Links in a Chain' had been called 'Links Not in a Chain,' it would have been more truly entitled, for while the chapters, taken separately, are sufficiently readable, they are wholly desultory. The fact that one

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man figures in them all does not make any relationship among them. This man is one of the elderly, all-wise, all-efficient fairy godfathers of all young persons in trouble. He is consistently successful in all that he attempts, and some of the scenes in which he figures are piquant and interesting, however improbable. The final chapter breaks away from the hero, and shows his young wife converting to religion, in a waifs' lodging-house, a former lover who has gone wrong through her fickleness. The description of the house and its superintendent is cleverly done, but the final scene is so bathetic that one longs to beg this facile, ingenious, and observant young writer to attempt no more chains, which seem to hamper her, but to give us links only.

We have failed to discover in Gertrude Smith's stories anything that one cannot find better done in Miss Wilkins's stories, of which they are obviously the consequence. They have in most cases moved to Kansas, which is a variation certainly, but on the journey they have contrived to lose that sense of climax which always points Miss Wilkins's stories, even those most demurely, not to say almost babyishly, simple in their form. Gertrude Smith's have the form, but reach this culmination only occasionally. Wilkins writ small does not commend itself to us as a perfectly happy experiment, but lucidity is so strong an attraction that these little stories will no doubt find their admirers.

Mr. Putnam's second army story is written in the quiet, forcible style of his first, some of the characters of which reappear here, together with others equally well drawn. What the author has said of a short sketch is applicable to this later work: "Whatever this tale may lack, it at least has truth." The descriptions are true and accurate; there is no exaggeration of the dark side of garrison life, and no attempt to throw a glamour over it. We meet again with sincere and just criticisms of army maladministration, especially of the policy which offers no stimulus to an officer to go beyond the mere routine of drills and duty. In the struggles of Lieut. Spurbridge to decide whether to remain in the stagnating army or to enter upon a literary career, on which the plot of 'On the Offensive' hinges, is involved a candid discussion of what a military career under the republic offers in time of peace, the earnestness of which may be due to the fact that the writer, too, left the army to engage in literary pursuits. To politicians and philanthropists who so frequently fall foul of our little army in its relation to the Indians we would especially recommend the description of the Indian uprising, an excellent piece of writing, and as just as it is able. It is a pity that Mr. Putnam occasionally lets his descriptive ability run away with him. A little more action would greatly enhance the book's value in the eyes of non-professional readers.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

Le Théâtre. Par Francisque Sarcey. Paris: Société Artistique du Livre Illustré; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.

Trucs et Décors: la Machinerie Théâtrale. Par Georges Moynet. Paris: Librairie Illustrée; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.

Essai sur l'Histoire du Théâtre: la Mise en scène, le Décor, le Costume, l'Architecture, l'Éclairage, l'Hygiène. Par Germain Bapst. Paris: Hachette; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.

Sur les Planches. Par Albert Lambert. Paris: Flammarion; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.

THE Société Artistique du Livre Illustré has made a beginning by publishing two little books in editions limited to 532 copies. One of these is on the Newspaper and the other is on the Theatre; and both recall to mind the little books of half a century ago in which Balzac and Alphonse Karr in Paris and Albert Smith and Robert Brough in London sketched the typical medical student, or soldier, or ballet-dancer. There is a further lack of novelty in the illustrations in these carefully printed pamphlets, for they are chiefly woodcuts scattered through the text as in our own magazines, but having, perhaps, more *brio*, more *chic*—a cleverer swing than most of our eminently respectable illustrators exhibit. The best of these drawings are by M. Lepère, who has not, however, engraved his own blocks; and M. Lepère's also is the best of the three etchings—that representing "Le Chat Noir." It is a fair guess that the illustrations were prepared first of all, and that then M. Sarcey was requested to write up to them; and there is perhaps, therefore, more than a suggestion of perfunctoriness about this account of the theatre as it strikes the leader of Parisian dramatic critics. Of course, M. Sarcey knows his subject through and through, but on the present occasion it has failed to inspire him—at least we do not find in these sixty pages any of the delightful paragraphs of his, Voltairean in their irony, and commingled of common sense and wit and an affectionate knowledge of the subject. Perhaps the freshest pages are the earliest, in which he sketches the Conservatory, and tells us that now in France the stage is looked upon as a regular career, having lost its reputation of Bohemianism and being in full favor with the *bourgeoisie*, from whose ranks the theatre is to-day drawing the most of its recruits.

M. Georges Moynet is already known as the author of an interesting and useful volume in the "Bibliothèque des Merveilles" on 'L'Envers du Théâtre,' the substance of which (with the best of the illustrations) was reproduced in *Harper's Magazine* nearly twenty years ago. In his new and larger volume, 'Trucs et Décors,' he has returned to the same subject, treating certain parts of it with ampler detail and with more abundant illustration. With the aid of more than a hundred cuts of one kind or another, sometimes mere sketches, and sometimes almost as elaborate as a working drawing, he describes the stage of the best equipped modern theatres, the mechanism of the scenery, the building and management of transformation scenes, the construction of traps and of trick scenes and of the most ingenious stage devices, the arrangement of the lights and of various optical delusions, and a host of other stage secrets. His knowledge is full, and his explanations, clear in themselves, are further elucidated by the illustrations. No single cut in M. Moynet's book is perhaps as comprehensive and as enlightening to the novice as the two diagrams in the 'Century Dictionary' under the word *stage;* but there are not a few of his chapters from which the most expert can increase his knowledge of the possibilities of stage illusions. Especially interesting, for example, is the fully illustrated account of the very elaborate and highly artistic machinery used in the Paris Opéra for the aerial flight of the equestrian Valkyrs in the recent production of Wagner's "Walküre."

M. Moynet also gives drawings disclosing the working of the horse-race scene in the "County Fair," invented by Mr. Neil Burgess and used in Paris recently in a *revue*. In general he is quite Parisian in his point of view, and he never ceases to be European: thus, when he describes the hydraulic machinery of the Budapest Opera, he does not refer to Booth's Theatre here in New York, where more than one of the same devices were anticipated a quarter of a century ago; and although he illustrates freely the artfully contrived water-effects in the Kiralfy spectacle of "Venice in London," he makes no reference to "America" at the Chicago Auditorium, or to the singularly beautiful spectacle of "Columbus" which Mr. Kiralfy arranged for the Barnum & Bailey show in the Madison Square Garden two or three years ago. Yet he, like M. Nuitter, the learned archivist of the Opéra, is forced to admit that it is only in artificial lighting, in the advantage given by gas, by the calcium light, by the electric light, that the spectacles of this century are superior to those of the Renaissance in Italy, where the engineers were as far advanced then as their followers are now in France, England, and America.

M. Germain Bapst's report, prepared for the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is a sumptuously illustrated volume, and very welcome, though it is but a fragmentary history of the theatre. It begins with the mysteries, and considers next what the author calls the patriotic mysteries, the French equivalent of the English chronicle-plays. It offers, perhaps, the most detailed account yet prepared of the stage and scenery and costumes and machinery used in the representation of these primitive plays. From the Middle Ages M. Bapst passes to the Renaissance, and illustrates the physical conditions of the theatre when "Mirame" was brought out. Then he takes in turn the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and the nineteenth centuries, of course confining himself almost altogether to France, but still showing the regular development of theatrical taste with the growing demand for exact reproduction on the stage of the mere facts of real life. The future author of the much-needed history of scene-painting will find a mass of material collected ready to his hand in M. Bapst's pages—not critical remarks only, but illustrations of recent masterpieces of the art in France. One of the best of these is a sketch of the marvellously picturesque and appropriate scene devised for the production of "Oedipe Roi" at the Théâtre-Français ten years ago.

Nowhere is scene-painting more artistically subordinated to the dramatic interest of the play than at the Théâtre-Français, and nowhere is stage management more skilful in bringing out this dramatic interest and in revealing it to the spectator by an ingenious arrangement of entrances and exits, of gestures and groupings. This is a part of dramatic art which the ordinary playgoer rarely thinks about, and as to which he is wholly ignorant. M. Albert Lambert's book, 'Sur les Planches,' is in the main an essay on this difficult art of stage-management; and all lovers of the theatre who want to understand how it is that a performance by the Comédie-Française seems so harmonious, may be recommended to read M. Lambert's explanation of the cost of this harmony in thought and toil and patience. In the history of the theatre certain stage-managerial effects are celebrated and have become traditional—as has, for example, John Philip Kemble's arrangement of the trial-scene of "Henry VIII.," so that Mrs. Siddons, as *Queen Katherine*, could wave down *Campeius* with a mighty sweep of her arm which brought her face to face with *Wolsey* as she said: "My

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Lord Cardinal—to *you* I speak!" Similar in legitimate and interpretative effect was the way in which the Meiningers played the forum scene of "Julius Cæsar," *Mark Antony* speaking at first to a heedless mob whom he wins over one by one. M. Lambert gives us no English or German illustrations like these, but he has put on record a series of French traditions handed down by one group of actors of Molière to another, some of them perhaps going back to Molière himself.

The Story of Our Planet. By T. G. Bonney, D.Sc., LL.D., etc., Professor of Geology in University College, London, etc. Cassell Publishing Co.

PROBABLY no single work has had more influence upon the science of geology, or done more to diffuse a general knowledge of that science among the more educated portion of the lay community, than Lyell's 'Principles of Geology.' Appearing first in 1830 in a single volume, it went through eleven editions, successively revised and brought up to date by its author, the last of which, published in 1872, in two royal octavo volumes, had increased to about double the size of the first. Although Lyell was an observer of no mean order of ability, his principal merit lay in his judicial and discriminating faculty, which enabled him to sift out from the observations of others the essential and important facts, and weave them into a logical and consistent theory of the history of our globe. He was the great exponent of the uniformitarian school of geology, which holds that the processes by which earlier changes in the structure of the earth have been brought about were similar in degree and kind to those going on at the present day, and refrains from appealing to violent convulsions of nature, or catastrophes, as was the practice among the earlier geologists. His 'Principles of Geology,' as its name implies, gave the broader explanations of geological phenomena, which are of interest not only to the geologist, but to the intelligent layman, leaving to textbooks and manuals the underlying details, a knowledge of which is essential to the professional student, but not to the general reader.

In the twenty years that have elapsed since Lyell's death, strict uniformitarianism has been more or less departed from by geological reasoners, and the theoretical views held in his day have received some important modifications; but no general work has been written which, while adhering to strict scientific accuracy, presents the existing condition of geological thought in sufficiently vivid and untechnical language to be attractive to the general reader. To fill this want has been the aim of Prof. Bonney, as he states in his preface, in writing 'The Story of Our Planet.' Although not prominent as an original investigator, Prof. Bonney's long experience as a teacher and lecturer, and his intimate association with the leaders in scientific investigation in England, have well fitted him for the task. In common with most English geologists, and in contrast with too many of their American colleagues, he is an enemy to affectation in language, and writes a vigorous and incisive Anglo-Saxon English, not larded with countless technical words derived from Greek and Latin roots that render them unintelligible not only to the layman, but even to the professional man who does not happen to belong to the same little scientific coterie as the writer. We are so thoroughly in sympathy with his course in this particular that we cannot refrain from quoting the following from his preface:

"Technical terms, as I venture to think, are sometimes coined without good cause. The use of them seems to be pleasing to some minds, for it indicates an initiation in mysteries and a superiority to the common herd. But from a terminology not generally intelligible worse evils than the gratification of personal vanity are apt to arise—namely, the worship of phrases and the substitution of words for ideas. Science as it grows suffers from its epidemics, and high-sounding words are often bacteria which communicate disease to mental constitutions of the less vigorous type. To some persons a sonorous term seems, too, so satisfactory that it passes current for an idea, and is a mask for any amount of hazy indefiniteness. We are often told that plain living and high thinking go together in daily life; may it not be that plain speech and accurate thought are not so far apart in science?"

From a scientific standpoint the principal criticism to be made upon Prof. Bonney's book is the want of familiarity it shows with the best and most recent advances in geological thought on this side of the water. Whether this is to be ascribed to his insularity, or to a certain prejudice against the style of some American scientific writing to which the above-quoted remarks are more or less applicable, it is not for us to say. As a rule, in his treatment of theoretical questions he is fuller and more accurate in those which fall partly within the domain of astronomy and physics, such as the nebular hypothesis, the age of the earth, the cause of climatal change, than those which are more strictly the result of geological observation. Thus, he includes in the Archæan all rocks below the Cambrian, ignoring the great thickness of intermediate sedimentary beds now distinctly recognized by American geologists as representing a longer period in the earth's history than the entire Cambrian era, or indeed than he assigns (on the authority of an American geologist, Heilprin) to Cambrian and Archæan combined.

So far as we have observed, however, he gives very impartial presentations of the arguments on both sides of all mooted questions, and in such language as to make them quite intelligible to the reader of average intellectual capacity. As might have been expected, his practical illustrations of geological phenomena are in large measure drawn from the British Isles, as he has evidently never visited America. This is not necessarily a disadvantage to the American reader, for if he have sufficient interest in the subject to master the theories and facts presented in this volume, he will undoubtedly wish to take up some more technical work, where the illustrations will probably be drawn in great measure from American phenomena, and thus have the additional interest of novelty. As compared with Lyell's 'Principles,' Bonney's work is much less systematic and thorough, but this is more or less necessitated by its smaller size; and conciseness in the present day, when bookmaking has so enormously increased, is a condition of being generally read. Almost every important general topic of the science is here included except that of the advent of man upon the earth. In typographical execution the book leaves nothing to be desired, and, what is very important, its illustrations are abundant, excellently executed, and for the most part well chosen.

Abraham Lincoln: Complete Works. Comprising his Speeches, Letters, State Papers, and Miscellaneous Writings. Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. 2 vols. The Century Co. 1894.

EVERY ONE who owns the ten volumes of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln will desire to possess these two uniform volumes in completion of the "human document," and will be thankful that their bulk is no greater. To a certain extent they include matter not Lincoln's, yet complementary to his, notably Douglas's speeches in the famous debates; and this indispensable example should have been followed in other instances, or else references should have been given to works containing the desired information, even to the Life itself. We will cite the case of Lincoln's protest against certain resolutions of the Illinois Legislature in March, 1837 (the year of Lovejoy's murder, but the date in advance of that event). The protest, standing alone, has, for readers of the present day, almost a pro-slavery aspect, and the point of it can be understood only by reference to the resolutions themselves. Either these should have been printed in full in connection with the protest, as Herndon prints them, or the editors could in one line have directed the inquirer to vol. i., pp. 140-150 of their own Life, where the resolutions are summarized. But in fact there may be said to be no footnotes in this collection: we have counted but three altogether. We will furnish one more illustration of the same defect. On p. 577 of vol. ii. occurs a telegram from Lincoln, September 17, 1864, to Gen. Sherman at Atlanta, saying: "I feel great interest in the subjects of your despatch mentioning corn and sorghum, and the contemplated visit to you." This looks like a blind, as if a sort of "chops and tomato sauce" cipher. How easy it would have been to refer to Sherman's Memoirs, vol. ii., pp. 138, 139, for the occasion of this enigmatic reply, all the more because one thus turning back would find Sherman's communication as interesting as the President did, at least in respect of historic instruction.

The telegrams, and notes of transmission of messages, etc., and brief formal dictations to the private secretary, or requests of Cabinet officers, seem often not worth the space, especially when without explanation. Of omissions we observe only one which is in the nature of concealment, and that is the pseudonymous lampoon which led to Lincoln's duel with Gen. Shields. Herndon gives it, and our editors print the correspondence with Shields, and to Herndon they should have referred for the text, since they omitted it from their Life. We miss, too, any newspaper reports of Lincoln's speeches in Massachusetts in the Taylor campaign in September, 1848, though we are allowed such abstracts in the case of the Connecticut speeches in the spring of 1860—an occasion of much less historic moment. In 1848 Lincoln ventured down among the Conscience Whigs and chaffed them on their Free Soil platform, and won his applause from that wing of his party which would, in 1860, vote against him, and sympathize more or less with the South throughout the rebellion. Herndon very properly gathers together the newspaper abstracts, imperfect as they are, and tells of "Colonel Schouler, of the Boston *Atlas*," a Webster Whig paper, arranging for Lincoln's speaking in the neighborhood of Boston. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay are so little in touch with this episode that, in printing a letter of Lincoln's, after his return to Washington, dated February 2, 1849, and addressed to "Friend Schooler," they preserve the misspelling in their caption and blank the Christian name: "——— Schooler." William Schouler, the father of the historian of the United States in our day, was afterwards Adjutant-General of Massachusetts under Gov. An-

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drew, and wrote a history of Massachusetts in the war.

As a rule, Lincoln's faulty orthography, especially in his youth, is silently corrected by the editors. In some of the letters to his one-time flame, Miss Owens; which they derive from Herndon, "I've" is even slicked into "I have," and a colloquialism like "hypo" is quoted, as if Lincoln were conscious of its not being good style. In another letter "gal" is similarly treated. We observe numerous discrepancies in the reproduction of letters common to Herndon and to this edition, and sometimes feel that our editors have been careless: but, for their own defence they might well have indicated the source from which they copied, and in the case of MSS. this would have had the additional advantage of revealing the ownership of the originals. A bibliographical note on the speech at Gettysburg, which has so many variant readings, would have been a boon. Finally, we ought to have a running date at the head of each page, in order to find our place in this medley of long and short papers.

We have perforce been critical in our remarks if we were to say anything, for it would be idle to talk about the contents of these volumes *per se*, either as to their value in American history or as to the convenience of this form of publication of them.

The Mark in Europe and America: A Review of the Discussion of Early Land Tenure. By Enoch A. Bryan. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1893.

THE theory of the Mark has occupied a prominent place in the discussions of historians and economists for nearly half a century, and interest in the subject has greatly increased since the rejection of the old theory by Seebohm and Fustel de Coulanges. The acceptance of the new doctrine involves a complete revolution of opinion, not merely regarding the nature of village life, but also concerning the constitution of mediæval society in general, the status of the great mass of the population of western Europe during the early Middle Ages, and the historical development of property in land. Attempts have also been made to turn the old theory to practical account: in it the advocates of state ownership of land have found an historical basis for the support of their proposed legislation.

Mr. Bryan's book presents "a sketch of the history of the theory during the past forty years, and is not intended, primarily, as a presentation of the original documentary evidence." The author is an ardent disciple of the new school, and hence denies the existence of the free-village community. He presents quite fully the extreme deductions of the early advocates of the mark theory and the arguments of Seebohm and Fustel de Coulanges, but he does not bring out clearly the modified views of such recent writers as Vinogradoff, Glasson, and Andrews. Hence some readers will carry away the impression that we are forced to adopt either the exaggerated details of the theory as presented by Kemble and Maurer or the other extreme as advocated by Seebohm and Fustel. But the truth is that one may believe in the coexistence of the manor and the free-village community; one may even believe that in the free village itself there was some inequality of rank and some private property in land. In short, one may accept the essence of the mark theory without accepting Kemble's "idyllic" picture of democracy. Moderate disciples of the old school are quite willing to concede that in the time of Tacitus indications may be found of the existence of private ownership of land, social inequality, and serfdom; but they reject the view that the manor was the typical form of village life and that the mass of the population was in serfdom. A serious defect of Mr. Bryan's book is his failure to recognize the existence of a class of historians who think that Kemble and Fustel de Coulanges advocate two extreme theories.

Mr. Bryan tries to be impartial, but he seems to take it for granted that recent writers who reject the conclusions of Seebohm and Fustel have approached the subject with ineradicable prejudices in favor of an established theory or have been misled by sympathy with modern democratic tendencies. The fact is that most well-trained historical students are quite willing to adopt revolutionary theories; they have not welcomed Fustel's arguments, simply because these are not convincing. Many eminent historians firmly believe that Fustel, though a man of great ability, was guilty of the same sort of aberrations as were Kemble and Maurer. Flach, in his recent work ('Ancienne France,' vol. ii.), demonstrates that Fustel's data regarding the prevalence of manors or *villae*, as distinguished from free villages or *vici*, are entirely unreliable; that, in short, Fustel's use of contemporary records is quite unscholarly. This is also the opinion of other French historians who have handled the original sources. Mr. Bryan takes it for granted, however, that Fustel's arguments are flawless, and that all of his deductions are to be accepted without hesitation. If the new school finds no stronger mainstay than Fustel, its doctrine will not prevail.

Moderate adherents of the old view will have no difficulty in accepting the main conclusions of Mr. Bryan's last two chapters, which are entitled "The Mark in America," and "The Mark in Economic Discussion." He is right in asserting that it is hardly possible to find in the New England settlements "any of the distinguishing characteristics of the Teutonic mark theory which may not be otherwise accounted for." It is difficult even for ardent advocates of that theory to believe that early New England institutions were "derived from the forests of Germany."

Recollections of a Virginian in the Mexican, Indian, and Civil Wars. By General Dabney Herndon Maury, ex-United States Minister to Colombia. Charles Scribner's Sons 12mo, pp. 279.

GENERAL MAURY'S 'Recollections' are even broader than his title-page indicates, for some of his pleasantest chapters, showing a natural gift for narrative, are those which tell of his boyhood and his education at West Point. The sketches of old Virginia plantation homes in the vicinity of Fredericksburg are admirably done, and make a valuable addition to our material for the social history of the South in ante bellum times.

He has drawn with delicate touch and genial spirit pen-portraits of comrades in the cadet corps who became historical characters afterwards—Grant, McClellan, Jackson, Bee, A. P. Hill, and others. The chapters on the Mexican war give greater fulness to these sketches, and bring vividly before us another score of brilliant young men who were to make their mark on their era—Lee, Johnston, Thomas, Beauregard, and Stuart among them. After peace was made with Mexico, some of these friends were united again on a tour of duty as instructors at West Point; and even later, when a dozen years of service on the frontier followed, familiar faces are constantly meeting us, as we follow the record of a soldier's career and learn from his sympathetic pen to make his friends our own, till the final explosion comes and secession drives this coterie of comrades into hostile camps.

The book is a pleasing one if we look at it simply as a narrative of the author's varied and adventurous experience; but it has a much higher and more permanent value in helping us to a personal acquaintance with a considerable group of men who made reputations on either side in the great civil war. To know them first as boys at school, and to see them develop into brave soldiers, daring Indian fighters, adventurous hunters of "big game," and finally into commanders of armies, is to give history a real life and power which the pages of the more systematic historian must lack, and which can be supplied only by personal narratives of the kind before us. General Maury's own part in the civil war was important, though he was not in the campaigns which most attract attention. His longest service was as commandant at Mobile, where no severe fighting occurred until the combined attack of Farragut's fleet and Gordon Granger's army. The only criticism a Northern man would be disposed to make upon the 'Recollections' is that the writer has been unable to speak as fairly and as kindly of the National soldiers who really hurt the Confederacy as of those who by their defeats seemed in 1862 to be preparing the way for permanent disunion. With this deduction from the judgment of men and events, there is little else to mar the pleasure and satisfaction with which we read this abundant repertory of piquant incident and lively characterization.

The closing chapters are devoted to incidents of life as minister at the capital of Colombia, and give many details of society and affairs in the South American republic, with some strong pictures of tropical scenery. The reader will find the interest of the book sustained to the end, and will be glad of the opportunity of sharing with Gen. Maury's children the memoirs which he wrote primarily for their gratification.

New Light from the Great Pyramid. By Albert Ross Parsons. New York: Metaphysical Publishing Co. 1893.

THE author's long, rambling preface conveying no clear promise of what this book is intended to contain, we turn to the first chapter for light. This opens with four pages of insignificant quotations from unimportant authors—unimportant, at least, in regard to the pyramid—followed by another page of texts from the Bible, such as the parable of the two houses and other passages equally far-fetched. Next comes a section headed "The Pyramid Explained by the Fall of Lucifer." Glad of something like a definite position, we ask how we are to be convinced that this is true. The author first cites Isaiah xix., 19, 20, which, after referring to Heliopolis, prophesies that an altar to Jehovah shall be set up in Egypt. Upon this the author argues as follows: The Hebrew word for altar (*mizebeha*) comes from the root of the Sanskrit *mri*, to die, and is identical with the second syllable of the word *pyramid*. The first syllable of this word, he avers, is the "Egyptian *pur*, fire." Hence, "a pyramid is an altar signifying death by fire." Now, Mr. Parsons informs us that one Wilson, in 1856, demonstrated that the pyramid interprets an ancient theory of gravitation applied to a body

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falling from a planetary distance; wherefore he asks us to regard it as proved that the pyramid bears witness to the fall of Lucifer.

This is not convincing. The passage of Isaiah appears to have nothing to do with the pyramid. No evidence is adduced to show that the Hebrew word for altar has any connection with the Sanskrit verb to die; and all we know of the two languages renders this extremely improbable. No evidence is adduced to show that the middle syllable of "pyramid" has anything to do with either the Hebrew or the Sanskrit word. No evidence is adduced to show that the first syllable of "pyramid" means fire. It is true that it might mean fire in Greek, but of the etymology of the word we are quite ignorant.

In the next place, Mr. Parsons must not presume that the world will take his word for it that the writer Wilson proved in 1856 that the Great Pyramid interprets an ancient theory of gravitation. On the contrary, nigh thirty years having elapsed without any man of any character for learning having accepted Mr. Wilson's theory, the burden of proof is upon Mr. Parsons if he wishes to convince any judicious part of the public that that theory is true. *Prima facie*, it seems quite absurd. How could there be anything like a mathematical theory of gravitation in ancient times without its affecting ancient thought very powerfully? And what sort of reasoning can prove two propositions so strange as, first, that there was such a theory in such primitive times, and, second, that the great pyramid was built with reference to that theory?

But even if, for the sake of argument, we grant, first, that the word "pyramid" means altar of death by fire (in which case, it is not an Egyptian word at all), and also that the Great Pyramid was built to illustrate a theory of gravitation, there still yawns a chasm vast and deep between these premises and the conclusion that the Great Pyramid bears witness to the fall of Lucifer. The world will think that bad reasoning; and there is no use in bringing before the world an argument that nobody who wishes to preserve the reputation of a sane head will admit. The book contains about 400 pages, and seems to pile such arguments one upon the top of another to make such a Babel-tower as would not be secure even were every stage of it laid with the utmost caution and solidity.

A Short Account of England's Foreign Trade in the Nineteenth Century, its Economic and Social Results. By Arthur L. Bowley. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

THIS is a small book for a great subject, but the treatment is upon the whole so able that the brevity of the book is a merit. Length is desirable only when it promotes clearness, and Mr. Bowley, although apparently a young writer, has learned to be clear and concise at the same time. His book is in the same line as the noted treatise of Mongredien, and might be taken as a continuation of it were it not for the somewhat singular fact that Mr. Bowley does not allude to his distinguished forerunner. It differs, however, in covering the later years of British trade, and especially in dealing with volume rather than value. The importance of this latter feature we shall devote our space to explaining.

During the century 1791-1891 the population of Great Britain and Ireland trebled; but the value of the exports and imports rose from £37,000,000 to £744,000,000. The great causes of this change were inventions, and the extension of the principle of division of labor through foreign trade. For Mr. Bowley clearly demonstrates that foreign trade exists only because of this principle, and that the prosperity of England is mainly due to legislation that has permitted her people to produce what they could most advantageously, by permitting them to exchange these products for such as other peoples had an advantage in producing. The full significance of the change, however, as we have intimated, requires us to consider the phenomena of price, for an increase in the money values of goods may or may not be coincident with an increase in their quantity. It is the latter circumstance that is of permanent importance, since there can be no question that he who gets more food and clothing for a less price is better off—quality being the same—than he who gets less of them for a greater price. Accordingly, Mr. Bowley resorts to the "index numbers" of Sauerbeck: "an imaginary budget is made out of a great variety of goods, wheat, cotton, wool, manufactures, tea, sugar, and so on. A definite quantity of each is taken in proportion to its importance; this budget is then valued at the prices current for each article for each different year. One date is taken as a standard, say when the budget comes to £100"; the year 1871 being selected by Mr. Bowley.

We must premise that the gravest errors are liable to occur in framing this imaginary budget; but, having given this warning, we shall assume that the method has sufficient scientific validity for the purposes for which our author employs it. It must be observed, too, that its validity is strikingly confirmed by the shipping statistics; the results from a computation of the volume of trade by index numbers showing a close parallelism with the tonnage of vessels cleared. Applying the method, Mr. Bowley finds that the date of Peel's first reforms is the date of the beginning of the fall of prices; the index number changing from 103 in 1840 to 75 in 1851—*i. e.*, £75 in 1851 went as far as £103 in 1840. From 1851 to about 1870 prices rose again, but since then there has been a gradual decline. Roughly speaking, from 1820 to 1851 prices fell 33 per cent., from 1851 to 1871 they rose 26 per cent., and from 1870 to 1890 they fell 30 per cent. Hence the trade of the period from 1850 to 1870 is commonly regarded as excellent, while since 1870 or thereabouts the complaints of depression have steadily grown louder. If we look at the values of exports and imports, the complaints seem justified. In 1873 these values amounted to £682,000,000. In 1888 they were again but £685,000,000, rising in 1890 to £748,000,000. But if we consider quantities, by employing the gold values of 1871, we find that the trade of 1873 would be reduced to £613,000,000, while that of 1888 would rise to £980,000,000, and that of 1890 to £1,070,000,000. Per head of population, this would mean a rise from £19 in 1873 to £28.5 in 1890. The wails of the bimetallists over the evil state of the world do not seem to require very serious consideration, in view of these facts. The more conservative of them say that we must rehabilitate silver because a tendency toward lower prices paralyzes industry. So far from being paralyzed, it appears to have increased 50 per cent. in 20 years, *i. e.*, every Englishman on the averages gets so much more from foreign countries and returns so much more to them. The tonnage figures tell the same story. In 1873 tonnage cleared at ports of the United Kingdom was 44,000,000; in 1890 it was 74,000,000. If we take Mr. Giffen's figures, including both internal and external trade, we find that between 1870 and 1890 incomes and wages rose nominally 40 per cent., while if reduced to the value which gold had in 1871, the rise would be 100 per cent. The average workingman could obtain with his wages in 1890 four times as much of the articles of common consumption as a man in a similar position obtained in 1820. While the increase of trade has not been so rapid in recent years as from 1840 to 1870, it would seem that the improvement in the condition of laborers has gone on at an even more rapid pace.

Space does not allow us to describe Mr. Bowley's other processes and results, or even to enumerate them. Suffice it to say that he examines the trade of Great Britain from many points of view, and in no instance that we have observed without unusual suggestiveness. It would not be easy to name any book that demonstrates more conclusively the case for free trade, although there is very little in it of what by the protectionists is called "theory."

The Ideal of Humanity, in Old Times and New. By John Stuart Blackie, Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Fleming H. Revell Co.

PROF. BLACKIE has chosen an admirable title except that it does not indicate, nor even suggest, the heterogeneous contents of his book. The first chapter has for its subject "David, the King of Israel." It might have been written in the happy consulship of Plancus, before the beginning of the critics, for all the profit it has derived from them. Either Prof. Blackie has not read Prof. Cheyne's Bampton Lectures on the Psalms, or he has given them no heed. David is for him the traditional "sweet singer of Israel," and, whether or not "a man after God's own heart," one after the author's own. In that matter of Uriah he was a little crooked, to be sure; but then he may have argued thus and so. As for Renan's accusation—that he was always instigating others' wickedness and profiting by it while hypocritically condemning it and sacrificing the instruments of his perfidy—nothing is said about it. Yet it is extremely suggestive of what was actually the ideal of humanity in David's time and for some centuries after.

That Prof. Blackie's attainments are in Greek and not in Hebrew will lead the reader to expect something better in the second essay "On Christian Unity." But evidently a critical study of the New Testament has not been within his scope, seeing that he finds his ideal of Christian unity in the New Testament and the early church. Queerly enough, moreover, the Jewish Christians are treated as the heretics and schismatics, when, in fact, they were the orthodox party and Paul was the radical come-outer; his first canonical appearance being in the list of the heretical Marcion. The chapter entitled "Women" has an old-fashioned tone of patronage towards "the fair sex," also called "the weaker sex," "the dainty sex," and by other similar names. There is a laborious argument for women's speaking in church, notwithstanding the injunction of St. Paul, and they may be permitted to practise medicine and to write novels; but about woman in politics Prof. Blackie is not so sure. "It is a sphere from which the purer nature of the more moral sex may justly shrink." Still, if women wish to vote, "it is their business, not mine. If they will walk with silken shoes in dirty puddles, let them walk." In a chapter on the Epistle to the Romans this recreant Scot takes direct issue with the apostle in the mat-

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ter of inherited sin. But he is such a good Scot for the most part that the wonder is that anything that his countrymen have believed should not be good enough for him. His provincialism is intense, but in all the essays except the last it is incidental; there it is warp and woof, the subject being "The Scotch Covenanters." This story is told with glowing sympathy, but one would never gather from it how much the new presbyter was like the old priest.

The Story of Louis XVII. of France. By Elizabeth E. Evans, author of 'The Story of Kaspar Hauser.' With five engraved plates. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

DELUSIONS die hard. In this story of Mrs. Evans, one of them that long ago seemed "twice dead, plucked up by the roots," comes forth in newness of life. Its former recrudescences were several times plausibly explained by the aspects of the political horoscope of the Bourbons. On other occasions pretenders to Bourbon relationship found a notoriety—an easy life, and a luxury—which had before been beyond their dreams. They belonged to a class analogous to the Tichborne Claimant. They found a demand and they furnished a supply. *Populus vult decipi* is proverbial. They added, *et decipiatur*.

The story of the 'Lost Prince' as told by Hanson, the champion of Eleazar Williams, thirty years ago, Mrs. Evans condenses into about ninety pages. Most of her volume, however, is filled with proofs that the claims of rival pretenders are groundless, absurd, and ridiculous. Among these men who posed as princes—all of the Bourbon type, and three of whom were living in London at once—there were a tailor, cobbler, soldier, and clockmaker, and each bound, like the Turk, to bear no brother near the throne. All these competitors fell lower than Williams, for they died in jail, as many thought he ought to have done, but they all found more partisans than he, though his claim had something of social and pecuniary success, especially on our Atlantic shores among pious ladies who knew least of his real labors as an apostle among Western Indians. The two last pages in Mrs. Evans's book contain a list of authorities from which she formed her compilation. The truth is, that well-nigh all her evidence of Williams's royal relationship is traceable to the testimony of Williams himself. Of this sort is the affidavit of his mother that he was an adopted child; the assertions that money came for him in childhood from France, that a Frenchman in New Orleans declared he had himself stolen him away from the Temple, etc.

Nine years at a Massachusetts school unfitted Eleazar to be an Indian hunter, and roused his ambition to figure as an Indian chief. When he emerged into active life, Eastern Episcopalians wanted such a missionary as he seemed to be, to send among Indians; and readily appointed him. But a New York gang of land speculators coveted the land of the tribes near Oneida Lake where Williams had begun to work. They either originated, or efficiently aided, his project for inducing New York Indians to remove into the wilderness now Wisconsin. He went thither with a large colony in 1823. Other aborigines followed, and there was a disposition at Washington to form an enormous Indian reservation along the west shore of Lake Michigan, lest another free State might spring up there. Williams was the leading Indian orator of his time, and dreamed of sitting as the uncrowned king of a vast Indian league. Nor did he lose influence till he lost his reputation for honesty. The ignis-fatuus of Indian supremacy Williams persistently chased, and never without hope, nor was that fool's-fire extinguished till 1836. By that time, as described by one of his neighbors at Green Bay, which was from first to last his Western home, he had become a "disowned clergyman of the Episcopal Church, false in his pledges to the Indians, recreant to the United States Government," etc.

His eloquence still gave him favor with an Indian faction, his wife had brought him land, and he was himself master of more, as well as of lumber which he had acquired by questionable means. Still, at times he pawned many books which had been given at the East for his missionary library. Some of them lie on the table of the present writer. After alternate sojourns in the Oneida region and in Wisconsin, while voyaging westward in 1841 he fell in at Mackinaw with Prince de Joinville, who was making a tour on the track of early French explorers, and who, on the passage to Green Bay, was much interested in talking with Williams as a resident versed in their traditionary routes and adventures. The Prince, however, did not pass a single night at the Bay, but, after dinner, took horse up the Fox River by which Joliet had made his way to the Mississippi. He gave cordial thanks to Williams, asked further epistolary information, and even sent him some presents. But an iron pot, if taken off the fire with a silver hook, thinks itself silver. From this coming into momentary touch with royalty, Williams began to fancy, or pretend to fancy, that he was himself royal. The assertion, however, of a secret interview in which he was offered wealth *ad libitum* if he would renounce his claim to the throne of France, was not heard of for many a year. As soon as known, it was declared by the Prince to be totally a lie; nor has it any intrinsic probability. The pretence, it would seem, was first devised by Williams to thicken other proofs which did demonstrate thinly concerning the rôle of royalty he had resolved to play. He was not proof against temptations a thousand times weaker.

One authority omitted in Mrs. Evans's bibliography is the collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. These volumes, evidently unknown to her, give Williams such a home endorsement as to prove that he was no Bourbon—save in dissimulation and duplicity, or, as the flock he had fleeced would say, "pure cussedness." The Dauphin was born in 1785, Williams seven years later—so he declared in his written application for admission to a Masonic lodge before his princely aspirations began and when a lie could not be lucrative. There are many collateral proofs that on this occasion he spoke the truth. Much of Mrs. Evans's book is filled with refutations of Naundorf's pretensions to dauphinship, and she says: "In reality, the whole case is disposed of in the fact that when Naundorf arrived in Berlin, he could neither speak nor read French" (p. 108). He cannot have been more ignorant of French than was Williams, who, according to many witnesses, and especially his own wife, who was a Frenchwoman, "could not speak a single word right." But he translated the Prayer Book into Mohawk very creditably.

Instead of being fair like a Bourbon, as Mrs. Evans remarks, Williams was taken at first sight for a half-breed by everybody acquainted with that race. The physician who inspected a scar in his side declared the color of his skin to be more that of an Indian than of a white man. His copper color increased greatly with his age. His ears, in the view of Indianologists, were a sure mark of aboriginal origin. Admitting some doubt about the significance of ear-marks, a man who served under Williams as a curate, and was a witness of his whole career, declares that the testimony of his *toes* proclaimed him indubitably an Indian: he toed in. "He always made an effort to turn out his toes, but, forgetting it, he would, Indian-like, soon turn them in." Should Mrs. Evans visit the rooms of the Wisconsin Historical Society, she will be shown a trunkful of Williams's tell-tale manuscripts, every one of which he ought to have burned up before he started to play the rôle of a Lost Prince.

When tidings of Eleazar's imposture reached De Joinville, he pronounced it "a speculation upon the public credulity"—credulosity, one is inclined to say, since such speculations have been so successful. We meet with them in all ages. Without honor in his own country, Williams was elsewhere followed by such troops of friends that he could not fail to think himself a prophet. By often telling his story, he made such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lie.

General Scott. By General Marcus J. Wright. [Great Commanders.] D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 350, with portrait and maps.

FOR writing the military life of Scott Gen. Wright has some peculiar qualifications. As a young soldier following his chief in the greatest of his military enterprises, the invasion of Mexico, he was a devoted subordinate on terms of personal intimacy with Scott. The greater part of the General's career is consequently told with the warm sympathy of a devoted friend and admirer, as it should be. But Gen. Wright has done still better. Although himself a Confederate in our civil war, he has handled the subject of Scott's consistent loyalty to the Union with an impartial fairness which leaves little to desire. No trace of prejudice or hint of the author's predilection is seen, and he has carried the story to the end with the same appreciative yet judicial spirit which marked the beginning. There was no room for any striking discovery of new facts, or surprises in new revelations of character, for Scott is among the best known of our worthies. The task was one of judicious compilation and wise condensation of authoritative material. The character delineated is a noble one, despite some blemishes due to amiable weaknesses, and the book is a convenient biography of one who has a sure place in the list of great soldiers.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Hermann. Alternating Generations: A Biological Study of Oak Galls and Gall Flies. Oxford: Clarendon Press: New York: Macmillan. $3.25.
Andrews, Prof. E. B. Wealth and Moral Law. Hartford: Seminary Press. $1.
Austin, Alfred. The Garden that I Love. Macmillan. $2.50.
Ballioud-Mermet. Crazy Book-Collecting; or, Bibliomania. Duprat & Co.
Beers, H. A. A Suburban Pastoral, and Other Tales. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.
Blackmore, R. D. Perlycross. Harpers. $1.75.
Booth, Charles. The Aged Poor in England and Wales: Condition. Macmillan.
Buchanan, T. B. Principles of Money and Coinage. Denver: Chamber of Commerce.
Carnegie, Douglas. Law and Theory in Chemistry. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Carruth, Prof. W. H. Schiller's Wallenstein. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Christy, Miller. The Voyages of Captain Luke Foxe of Hull and Captain Thomas James of Bristol in Search of a Northwest Passage. 2 vols. London: Hakluyt Society.
Cobbleigh, Tom. Young Sam and Sabina. Cassell. 50 cents.
Cole, G. A. J. The Gypsy Road: A Journey from Krakow to Coblentz. Macmillan.
Cotes, Mrs. Everard. A Daughter of To-Day. Appletons.

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Cruickshank, A. H. The Bacchæ of Euripides. Introduction and Text. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Curtis, G. W. From the Easy Chair. Third Series. Harpers. $1.
DeGraff, E. V. The School-Room Guide. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Dixon, Ella H. The Story of a Modern Woman. Cassell. $1.
Dodge, Rev. J. S. The Purpose of God. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.
Drummond, Prof. Henry. Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man. James Pott & Co. $2.
Fasnacht, G. E. Select Specimens of the Great French Writers in the 17th, 18th, and 19th Centuries. Macmillan. $1.75.
Fawcett, Edgar. Outrageous Fortune. Concord Press. 50 cents.
Finley, Martha. Mildred's New Daughter. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Flagg, A. T. Primer of Navigation. Macmillan. 35 cents.
Fletcher, W. I. Public Libraries in America. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Fosdick, Gertrude C. Out of Bohemia: A Story of Paris Student-Life. G. H. Richmond & Co.
Francis, M. E. The Story of Dan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Friedrich, Friedrich. The Workingman's Wife. Chicago: E. A. Weeks & Co. 25 cents.
Gardener, Helen H. An Unofficial Patriot. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Garland, Hamlin. Crumbling Idols. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.
Gerard, Dorothea. The Rich Miss Riddell. Appletons. $1.
Gingell, Julia R. Aphorisms from the Writings of Herbert Spencer. Appletons.
Gower, F. L. Letters of Harriet Countess Granville 1810–1845. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $9.
Gray, Maxwell. The Last Sentence. Lovell, Coryell & Co. 50 cents.
Gregory, Caspar R. Novum Testamentum Graece ad Antiquissimos Testes denuo Recensuit. Pars ultima: Prolegomena. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs; New York: Westermann. $13.50.
Gummere, Prof. F. B. Old English Ballads [Athenæum Press Series.] Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.35.
Gunter, A. C. The King's Stockbroker. Home Publishing Co.
Harraden, Beatrice. In Varying Moods. Putnams. $1.
Hardinge, E. M. With the Wild Flowers. Baker & Taylor Co.
Hatfield, Prof. J. T. Freytag's Der Rittmeister von Alt-Rosen. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 75 cents.
Heywood, John. The Spider and the Flie. Manchester, Eng.: Printed for the Spencer Society.
Holcombe, Dr. W. H. The Truth about Homœopathy. Philadelphia: Boericke & Tafel. 25 cents.
Hole, James. National Railways. Cassell.
Hoppin, Prof. J. M. Sermons on Faith, Hope and Love, with Horæ Homileticæ. 2d ed., enlarged. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Howells, W. D. A Likely Story: A Farce. Harpers. 50 cents.
Howells, W. D. A Traveller from Altruria. Harpers. $1 50.
Hubbard, Elbert. One Day: A Tale of the Prairies. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Hutchinson, Rev. H. N. Creatures of Other Days. Appletons. $3.
Hutton, R. H. Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers. 2 vols. Macmillan. $3.
Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia. A New Edition. Vols. I.–IV. A. J. Johnson Co.: D. Appleton & Co.
Judaism at the World's Parliament of Religions. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. $2.50.
Kayserling, Dr. M. Christopher Columbus and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Jungle Book. Century Co.
Laverlan, Henri. Le Lit. Paris: Lévy; New York: Charles Eitel.
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Lee-Warner, William. The Protected Princes of India. Macmillan. $3.
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Letters of Franz Liszt. 2 vols. Scribners. $8.
Lewis, H. C. Papers and Notes on the Glacial Geology of Great Britain and Ireland. Longmans, Green & Co. $7.
Loney, S. L. Plane Trigonometry. Part II. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Lounsbury, Prof. T. R. History of the English Language. Revised and enlarged ed. Henry Holt & Co. $1.12.
Lyall, Edna. Doreen: The Story of a Singer. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Maccunn, Prof. John. Ethics of Citizenship. Macmillan. $1.50.
Marshall, Prof. A. M. Biological Lectures and Addresses. London: David Nutt; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Masson, Frédéric. Napoléon chez lui. Paris: Dentu; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.
Masterman, J. A Devoted Couple. Harpers. 60 cents.
Matthews, Brander. This Picture and That: A Comedy. Harpers. 50 cents.
Maury, Gen. D. H. Recollections of a Virginian in the Mexican, Indian, and Civil Wars. Scribners. $1.50.
May, Rev. Joseph. Samuel Longfellow: Memoir and Letters: Essays and Sermons. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Each $1.50.
Maxwell, W. H. First Book in English. American Book Co. 40 cents.
McLaughlin, Prof. E. T. Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature. Putnams. $1.25.
Meekins, L. R. The Robb's Island Wreck, and Other Stories. Cambridge: Stone & Kimball.
Merriman, H. S. With Edged Tools. Harpers. $1.25.
Michell, Horace. La Révolution oligarchique des Quatre Cents à Athènes et ses causes. Geneva: Georg & Cie.
Mitchell, D. G. Wet Days at Edgewood. Scribners. 75 cents.
Mitchell, L. E. Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Mombert, Rev. J. I. A Short History of the Crusades. Appletons.
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Phillipps Wolley, Clive. Big Game Shooting. 2 vols. [Badminton Library.] London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Rae, John. Eight Hours for Work. Macmillan. $1.25.
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Scott, D. H. An Introduction to Structural Botany (Flowering Plants). London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Scott, Sir W. The Fortunes of Nigel. 2 vols. [International Edition.] Boston: Estes, Lauriat & Co.; New York: Bryan, Taylor & Co.
Scott, Sir W. Woodstock. [Dryburgh Edition.] Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
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Straus, Oscar S. Roger Williams: the Pioneer of Religious Liberty. Century Co.
Syle, L. Du P. From Milton to Tennyson: Masterpieces of English Poetry. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.
The *Century*. Nov., '93—April, '94. Century Co.
The Prose Tales of Alexander Poushkin. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
The Story of My Dictatorship. Sterling Publishing Co. 30 cents.
Vacaresco, Hélène. The Bard of the Dimbovitza. Vol. II. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.: New York: Scribners. $2.
Van Daell, C. L. A Preparatory German Reader for Beginners. Boston: Ginn & Co. 45 cents.
Vaughan, Rev. D. J. Questions of the Day. Macmillan. $1.50.
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Ward, H. D. The White Crown, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
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